Vera Effigies
Tho: Midletoni Gent:

Vera Effigies
Tho: Midletoni Gent:

TWO NEW PLAYES.

VIZ. More DISSEMBLERS besides WOMEN.

WOMEN beware WOMEN.

WRITTEN

By *Tho. Middleton*, Gent.

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* and are to be sold at his Shop at the Prince's Arms in St. *Pauls* Churchyard. 1657.

MORE

DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN.

A

COMEDY.

BY

Tho. Middleton, Gent.

LONDON:

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, 1657.

TO THE READER.

WHen theſe amongſt others of Mr. *Thomas Middleton*'s Excellent Poems, came to my hands, I was not a little confident but that hisname would prove as great an Inducement for thee to Read, as me to Print them: Since thoſe Iſſues of his Brain that have already ſeen the Sun, have by their worth gained themſelves a free entertainment amongſt all that are ingenious: And I am moſt certain, that theſe will no way leſſen his Reputation, nor hinder his Admiſſion to any Noble and Recreative Spirits. All that I require

To the Reader:

at thy hands, is to continue the Author in his deserved Esteem, and to accept of my Endeavors which have ever been to please thee.

Farewel,

UPON

UPON

The Tragedy of

My Familiar Acquaintance,

THO. MIDDLETON.

Women beware Women; 'tis a true Text
Never to be forgot: Drabs of State vext,
Have Plots, Poyſons, Miſcheifs that ſeldom miſs,
To murther Vertue with a venom kiſs.
Witneſs this worthy *Tragedy*, expreſt
By him that well deſerv'd among the beſt
Of *Poets* in his time: He knew the rage,
Madneſs of Women croſt; and for the Stage
Fitted their humors, Hell-bred Malice, Strife
Acted in State, preſented to the life.
I that have ſeen't, can ſay, having juſt cauſe,
Never came *Tragedy* off with more applauſe.

Nath. Richards.

The

The Actors Names.

LOrd Cardinal of *Milan.*
Lactantio, his Nephew.
Andrugio, General of *Milan.*
Father to *Aurelia.*
Lords of *Milan.*
Governor of the Fort, Servant to *Aurelia.*
Crotchet, a Singing Master.
Sinquapace, a Dancing Master.
Usher to Sinquapace.
Dondolo, Servant to *Lactantio.*

Dutchess of *Milan.*
Celia, her Waiting-Gentlewoman.
Aurelia, Mistress to *Andrugio* and *Lactantio.*

Page, *Lactantio*'s old Sweet-heart disguised.
Servants.

Scæn *Milan.*

MORE

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN.

The First Part.

Act. 1. Scæn. 1.

Enter *Lactantio*, and *Aurelia*, and *Servant*.

SONG. Musick.

TO be chaste, is Womans glory,
'Tis her fame and honors story.
Here sits she in Funeral weeds,
Onely bright in vertuous deeds.
Come and read her life and praise,
That singing weeps, and sighing plays.

Lact. WElcome Souls Musick: I have
been listening here
To melancholly strains from
the Dutchess lodgings.
That strange great Widow,
that has vow'd so stifly
Never to know loves heat in a second Husband:
And she has kept the Fort most valiantly
(To th' wonder of her Sex) this seven years day;
And that's no sorry tryal. A moneths constancy
Is held a vertue in a City-widow,

And are they excel'd by ſo much more i'th' Court?
'My faith a rare example for our Wives.
Heavens bleſſing of her heart for't poor Soul,
Sh'ad need have ſomewhat to comfort her.
What wouldſt thou do? Faith now
If I were dead, ſuppoſe I wear thy Husband,
(As ſhortly I will be, and that's as good)
Speak freely, and thou lov'ſt me.

Aur. Alas Sir,
I ſhould not have the leaſure to make Vows,
For dying preſently, I ſhould be dead
Before you were laid out.

Lact. Now fye upon thee for a haſty dier,
Wouldſt thou not ſee me buried?

Aur. Talk not on't Sir,
Theſe many years, unleſs you take delight
To ſee me ſwoun, or make a ghoſt of me.

Lact. Alas poor Soul, i'll kiſs thee into colour,
Canſt thou paint pale ſo quickly, I perceive then
Thou'dſt go beyond the Dutcheſs in her vow,
Thou'dſt die indeed: What's he?

Aur. Be ſetled Sir,
Spend neither doubt, nor fear upon that fellow,
Health cannot be more truſty to mans life,
Then he to my neceſſities in love.

Lact I take him of thy word, and praiſe his face,
Though he look ſcurvily, I will think hereafter
That honeſty may walk with fire in's Noſe,
As well as brave deſert in broken clothes:
But for thy further ſafety, I've provided
A ſhape, that at firſt ſight will ſtart thy modeſty,
And make thee bluſh perhaps; but 'twill away
After a qualm or two. Virginity
Has been put often to thoſe ſhifts before thee
Upon extremities; a little boldneſs
Cannot be call'd immodeſty, eſpecially

When

When there's no means without it, for our safeties;
Thou knowest my Uncle the Lord *Cardinal*
Wears so severe an eye, so strict and holy,
It not endures the sight of Woman-kinde
About his Lodgings;
Hardly a Matron of Four-score's admitted,
Though she be worn to gums, she comes not there,
To mumble Mattens, all his admiration
Is plac'd upon the Dutchess; he likes her,
Because she keeps her vow, and likes not any;
So do's he love that man, above his Book,
That loves no woman, for my Fortunes sake then,
For I am like to be his onely Heir.
I must dissemble and appear as fair
To his opinion, as the brow of Piety;
As void of all impureness as an Altar,
Thine ear — that, and we are safe.

Aur. You make me blush Sir.

Last. 'Tis but a star shot from a beauteous cheek,
It blazes Beauties bounty, and hurts nothing.

Aur. The power of Love commands me.

Last. I shall wither in comforts, till I see thee.

Exeunt.

Scæn. 2. *Enter L. Cardinal in his Closet, and two or three Lords.*

L. Card. My Lords, I have work for you, when you have hours
Free from the cares of State, bestow your eyes
Upon those abstracts of the Dutchess vertues,
My studies ornaments. I make her Constancy
The holy Mistress of my contemplation,
Whole volumes have I writ in zealous praise
Of her eternal vow: I have no power
To suffer Vertue to go thinly clad,

I that have ever been in youth, an old man
To pleaſures and to women, and could never love,
but pity 'em,
And all their momentary frantick follies.
Here I ſtand up in admiration,
And bow to the chaſte health of our great Dutcheſs,
Kiſſing her conſtant name, O my fair Lords,
When we finde grace confirm'd, eſpecially
In a creature that's ſo doubtful as a woman,
We'are ſpirit-raviſh'd, men of our probation
Feel the Sphears, Muſick playing in their Souls
So long, unto the eternizing of her ſex.
Sh'as kept her vow ſo ſtrictly, and as chaſte
As everlaſting life is kept for Vertue.
Ev'n from the ſight of men, to make her oath
As uncorrupt as th'honor of a Virgin
That muſt be ſtrict in thought, or elſe that title,
Like one of Frailties ruines, ſhrinks to duſt.
No longer ſhe's a Virgin, then ſhe's juſt.

1. *Lord.* Chaſte Sir, the Truth and Juſtice of her
Vow
To her deceaſed Lord's able to make poor
Mans treaſury of praiſes. But methinks
She that has no temptation ſet before her,
Her Vertue has no conqueſt; then would her con-
ſtancy
Shine in the brighteſt goodneſs of her glory.
If ſhe would give admittance, ſee, and be ſeen;
And yet reſiſt, and conquer. There were argument
For Angels, 't would out-reach the life of praiſe,
Set in Mortalities ſhortneſs. I ſpeak this
Not for Religion, but for love of her,
Whom I wiſh leſs religious, and more loving:
But I fear ſhe's too conſtant, that's her fault,
But 'tis ſo rare, few of her ſex are took with't,
And that makes ſome amends.

L. Card.

L. Card. You have put my zeal into a way, my Lord.
I shall not be at peace, till I make perfect;
I'll make her victory harder, 'tis my crown
When I bring grace to great'st perfection;
And I dare trust that daughter with a world,
None but her vow and she. I know she wears
A constancy, will not deceive my praises,
A Faith so noble; she that once knows Heaven,
Need put in no security for her truth;
I dare believe her face, use all the art,
Temptation, witcheries, sleights, and subtleties,
You Temporal Lords, and all your means can practise.

2. *Lord.* My Lord, not any we:

L. Card. Her resolute goodness
Shall as a Rock stand firm, and send the sin
That beat against it, into the bosom of the owners, weeping.

3. *Lord.* We with her vertues so.

L. Card. O give me pardon,
I have lost my self in her, upon my friends.
Your charitable censures I beseech,
So dear her white fame is to my souls love,
'Tis an affliction; but to hear it question'd,
She's my religious triumph.
If you desire a belief rightly to her,
Think she can never waver then you're sure.
She has a fixed heart, it cannot erre;
He kills my hopes of woman, that doubts her.

1. *Lord.* No more, my Lord, 'tis fixt.

L. Card. Believe my Judgment,
I never praise in vain, nor ever spent
Opinion idlely, or lost hopes of any,
Where I once plac'd it; welcome as my joys.
Now you all part believers of her Vertue.

All L. We are the ſame moſt firmly:
L. Card. Good opinion
In others reward you, and all your actions.
Who's neer us? *Enter a Servant.*
Serv. My Lord:
L. Card. Call our Nephew: There's a work too
That for bloods ſake I labor to make perfect,
And it comes on with joy; he's but a youth
To ſpeak of years, yet I dare venture him
To old mens goodneſſes and gravities,
For his ſtrict manners, and win glory by him;
And for the chaſtneſs of his continence
(Which is a rare grace in the ſpring of man)
He do's excel the youth of all our time,
Which gift of his more then affinity,
Draws my affection in great plenty to him.
The company of a woman is as fearful to him,
As death to guilty men: I'have ſeen him bluſh,
When but a Maid was nam'd; I'm proud of him,
Heaven be not angry for't: He's near of kin
In diſpoſition to me. I ſhall do much for him
In life time, but in death I ſhall do all;
There he will finde my love. He's yet too yong
In years to riſe in ſtate, but his good parts
Will bring him in the ſooner: Here he comes.

Enter Lactantio *with a Book.*

What at thy Meditation? half in Heaven.
Lact. The better half my Lord, my minde's there ſtill.
And when the heart's above, the body walks here
But like an idle Serving-man below,
Gaping and waiting for his Maſters coming.
L. Card What man in age, could bring forth graver thoughts?

Lact:

Laſt. He that lives Fourſcore years, is but like one
That ſtays here for a Friend; when death comes, then
Away he goes, and is ne'er ſeen again.
I wonder at the yongmen of our days,
That they can dote on pleaſure, or what 'tis
They give that title too, unleſs in mockage.
There's nothing I can finde upon the Earth,
Worthy the name of pleaſure, unleſs 't be
To laugh at folly; which indeed good Charity
Should rather pitty: But of all the frenzies
That follow fleſh and blood (O reverend Uncle)
The moſt ridiculous is to fawn on women;
There's no excuſe for that, 'tis ſuch a madneſs,
There is no cure ſet down for't, no Phyſitian
Ever ſpent hour about it, for they gheſt
'Twas all in vain, when they firſt lov'd themſelves,
And never ſince durſt practiſe, cry *Heu mihi*,
That's all the help they have for't. I had rather meet
A Witch far North, then a fine Fool in love,
The ſight would leſs afflict me, but for modeſty;
And your grave preſence, that learns men reſpect,
I ſhould fall foul in words upon fond man
That can forget his excellence and honor,
His ſerious Meditations being the end
Of his Creation, to learn well to die,
And live a priſoner to a womans eye.
Can there be greater thraldom, greater folly?

L. Card. In making him my heir, I make good works,
And they give wealth a bleſſing, where on the contrary,
What curſes does he heap upon his ſoul
That leaves his riches to a riotous yong man,
To be conſum'd on Surfeits, Pride, and Harlots,

Peace be upon that ſpirit, whoſe life provides
A quiet reſt for mine.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Lact. How now, the news?

Page. A Letter Sir, brought by a Gentleman
That lately came from *Rome.*

Lact. That's ſhe, ſhe's come:
I fear not to admit her in his preſence;
There is the like already. I'm writ chaſte
In my grave Uncles thoughts, and honeſt meanings
Think all men's like their own-- Thou look'ſt ſo pale,
What ail'ſt thou here a' late.

Page. I doubt I have cauſe Sir.

Lact. Why, what's the news?

Page. I fear Sir I'm with childe:

Lact. With childe; peace, peace, ſpeak low:

Page. 'Twill prove I fear ſo.

Lact. Beſhrew my heart for that—— Deſire the Gentleman
To walk a turn or two.

L. Card. What Gentleman?

Lact. One lately come from *Rome*, my Lord, in credit,
With L. *Vincentio*; ſo the Letter ſpeaks him.

L. Card. Admit him, my kinde Boy; the prettieſt Servant
That ever man was bleſt with; 'tis ſo meek,
So good and gentle, 'twas the beſt almſdeed
That ere you did, to keep him. I have oft took him
Weeping alone (poor Boy) at the remembrance
Of his loſt friends; which as he ſays, the Sea
Swallow'd with all their ſubſtance.

Lact. 'Tis a truth Sir,
Has coſt the poor Boy many a feeling tear,
And me ſome too, for company. In ſuch pity,
I always ſpend my part: Here comes the Gentleman.

Enter

Enter Aurelia *like a Gentleman.*

L. Card. Welcome to *Milan* Sir, how is the health
Of L. *Vincentio.*

Aur. May it pleaſe your Grace,
I left it well and happy, and I hope
The ſame: Bleſt Fortune keeps it:

L. Card. I hear your near him.

Aur. One of his Chamber, my Lord.

Lact. I'd near wiſh one of her condition nearer,
Then to be one of mine.

L. Card. Your news is pleaſing;
Whilſt you remain in *Milan*, I requeſt you,
To know the welcome of no houſe but ours.

Aur. Thanks to your Grace.

L. Card. I'll leave you to confer;
I'll to the Dutcheſs, and labor her perfection.

Exit Cardinal.

Lact. Then thus begins our conference, I arreſt thee
In *Cupids* name, deliver up your weapon,
It is not for your wearing, *Venus* knows it:
Here's a fit thing indeed, nay, Hangers and all,
Away with 'em, out upon 'em, things of trouble,
And out of uſe with you: Now y'are my priſoner,
And till you ſwear you love me, all, and onely
You, part not from mine arms.

Aur. I ſwear it willingly.

Lact. And that you do renounce the Generals love
That heretofore laid claim to you.

Aur. My heart bids me
You need not teach me, that my eye ne'r knew
A perfect choice, till it ſtood bleſt with you.
There's yet a rival, whom you little dream of,
Tax me with him, and I'll ſwear too, I hate him.
I'll thruſt 'em both together in one Oath,

And

And ſend 'em to ſome pair of waiting-women,
To ſolder up their credits.
Lact. Prethee what's he
Another yet; for laughter ſake diſcover him.
Aur. The Governor of the Fort:
Lact. That old dri'd Neat's tongue.
Aur. A Gentleman after my Fathers relliſh.

Enter Father and Governor.

Father. By your kinde favors Gentlemen;
Aur. O my Father,
We are both betray'd.
Lact. Peace, you may prove too fearful.
To whom your buſineſs Sir.
Fath. To the Lord Cardinal,
If it would pleaſe your ſelf, or that yong Gentleman,
To grace me with admittance.
Lact. I will ſee Sir,
The Gentlemans a ſtranger, new come o'er.
He underſtands you not — *Loff tro veen, Tantumbro, Hoff Tufftee*
Locumber ſhaw.
Aur. Quiſquimken, ſapadlaman, Fool-urchin old Aſtrata.
Father. Nay, and that be the Language, we can ſpeak't too: *Strumpettikin,*
Bold Harlottum Queaniniſma, Whoremongeria.
Shame to thy Sex, and ſorrow to thy Father.
Is this a ſhape for reputation?
And modeſty to mask in? Thou too cunning
For credulous goodneſs.
Did not a reverent reſpect and honor
That's due unto the Sanctimonious peace
Of this Lords houſe, reſtrain my voice and anger,

And

And teach it ſoft Humility: I would lift
Both your diſgraces to the height of grief
That you have rais'd in me; but to ſhame you
I will not caſt a blemiſh upon Vertue.
Call that your happineſs, and the deareſt too,
That ſuch a bold attempt could ever boaſt off.
We'll ſee if a ſtrong Fort can hold you now,
Take her Sir to you.

Gover. How have I deſerv'd
The ſtrangeneſs of this hour?

Father. Talk not ſo tamely,
For you Sir, thank the reverence of this place,
Or your Hypocriſie I had put out of grace,
I had 'ifaith, if ever I can fit you,
Expect to hear from me. *Exeunt:*

Laſt. I thank you Sir,
The Cough o'th' Lungs requite you: I could curſe him
Into diſeaſes by whole dozens now.
But one's enough to begger him, if he light
Upon a wiſe Phyſitian. 'Tis a labor
To keep thoſe little wits I have about me.
Still did I dream that Villain would betray her.
I'll never truſt ſlave with a parboil'd noſe again.
I muſt deviſe ſome trick to excuſe her abſence
Now to my Uncle too; there is no miſcheif
But brings one Villain or other ſtill
Ev'n cloſe at heels on't. I'm pain'd at heart:
If ever there were hope of me to die
For love, 'tis now, I never felt ſuch gripings:
If I can ſcape this Climacterical year,
Women ne'er truſt me, though you hear me ſwear.
Kept with him in the Fort, why there's no hope
Of ever meeting now; my ways not thither,
Love bleſs us with ſome means to get together,
And I'll pay all the old rock'nings. *Exit.*

Enter

Scæn. 3. *Enter Dutcheſs, above, and* Celia.

Dutch. What a contented reſt rewards my minde
For faithfulneſs; I give it Conſtancy,
And it returns me Peace: How happily
Might woman live, me thinks, confin'd within
The knowledge of one Husband?
What comes of more, rather proclaims Deſire
Prince of affections, then religious love;
Brings frailty and our weakneſs into queſtion;
'Mongſt our Male enemies makes Widows tears,
Rather the cup of laughter then of pity?
What credit can our ſorrows have with men,
When in ſome moneths ſpace, they turn light again;
Feaſt, dance, and go in colours? If my vow
Were yet to make, I would not ſleep without it,
Or make a Faith as perfect to my ſelf
In reſolution, as a vow would come to;
And do as much right ſo to Conſtancy,
As ſtrictneſs could require: For 'tis our goodneſs,
And not our ſtrength that do's it. I am arm'd now
'Gainſt all deſerts in man, be't Valor, Wiſdom,
Curteſie, Comelineſs, nay, Truth it ſelf,
Which ſeldom keeps him company. I commend
The Vertues highly, as I do an Inſtrument
When the Caſe hangs by th'Wall; but man himſelf
Never comes near my heart.

Enter Lord Cardinal.

L. Card. The bleſſing of Perfection to your thoughts, Lady,
For I'm reſolv'd they are good ones.
Dutch. Honor of greatneſs,

Friend

Friend to my vow, and Father to my fame,
Welcome, as Peace to Temples.
L. Card. I bring War.
Dutch How Sir?
L. Card. A harder fight: If now you conquer,
You crown my praiſes double.
Dutch. What's your aym Sir?
L. Card. To aſtoniſh ſin, and all her tempting evils,
And make your goodneſs ſhine more glorious,
When your fair noble vow ſhow'd you the way
To excellence in vertue, to keep back
The fears that might diſcourage you at firſt,
Pitying your ſtrength, it ſhew'd you not the worſt.
'Tis not enough for Tapers to burn bright,
But to be ſeen, ſo to lend others light,
Yet not impair themſelves, their flame as pure,
As when it ſhin'd in ſecret, ſo t'abide
Temptations, is the Souls flame truly try'd.
I have an ambition, but a vertuous one,
I would have nothing want to your Perfection.
Dutch. Is there a doubt found yet, is it ſo hard
For woman to recover, with all diligence,
And a true faſting faith from ſenſual pleaſure,
What many of her ſex has ſo long loſt:
Can you believe that any ſight of man,
Held he the worth of Millions in one ſpirit,
Had power to alter me.
L. Card: No, there's my hope,
My credit, and my triumph.
Dutch. I'll no more,
Keep ſtrictly private, ſince the glory on't
Is but a vertue queſtion'd; I'll come forth
And ſhow my ſelf to all, the world ſhall witneſs,

That

That like the Sun, my Conſtancy can look
On Earth's corruptions, and ſhine clear it ſelf.

L. Card. Hold conqueſt now, and I have all my wiſhes. *Cornets: And a ſhout within*

Dutch. The meaning of that ſudden ſhout, my Lord.

L. Card. Seignior *Andrugio*, General of the Field;
Succeſsful in his Fortunes, is ariv'd,
And met by all the gallant hopes of *Milan*.
Welcom'd with Laurel wreaths, and Hymns of praiſes.
Vouchſafe but you, to give him the firſt grace Madam,
Of your ſo long hid preſence, he has then
All honors that can bleſs victorious man.

Dutch. You ſhall prevail grave Sir.

Enter Andrugio, *attended with the Nobility and State, like a Victor.*

SONG.

Muſick.

Laurel is a Victors due,
I give it you,
I give it you.
Thy name with praiſe,
Thy brow with bays;
We circle round.
All men rejoyce
With cheerful voice,
To ſee thee like a Conqueror crown'd.

A *Cupid* diſcending, ſings this.

I am a little Conqueror too
For wreaths of bays,

There's

There's Arms of croſs,
And that's my due.
I give the flaming heart,
It is my creſt.
And by the Mothers ſide,
The weeping eye,
The ſighing breſt.
It is not power in you, fair beauties,
If I command Love, 'tis your duties. Aſcend.

During theſe Songs, *Andrugio* peruſes a Letter delivered him by a Lord, and then cloſes with this *Song* below.

Welcome, Welcome, Son of Fame,
Honor triumphs in thy Name.
Exeunt in State.

Lord. Alas poor Gentleman! I brought him news
That like a Cloud ſpred over all his glories,
When he miſt her, whom his eye greedily ſought for;
His welcome ſeem'd ſo poor, he took no joy in't;
But when he found her, by her Father forc'd
To the old Governors love, and kept ſo ſtrictly,
A coldneſs ſtrook his heart; there is no State
So firmly happy, but feels Envies might.
I know *Lactantio*, Nephew to the Cardinal,
Hates him as deeply as a Richman death;
And yet his welcome ſhew'd as fair and friendly,
As his that wore the trueſt love to him.
When in his wiſhes he could drink his blood,
And make his heart the ſweetneſs of his food. *Exit.*

Celia. Madam, Madam.

Dutch. Beſhrew thy heart, do'ſt thou not ſee me buſie:
You ſhew your manners.

Celia.

Celia. In the name of Goodneſs,
What ails my Lady?

Dutch. I confeſs I'm mortal,
There's no defending on't, 'tis cruel flattery
To make a Lady believe otherways.
Is not this fleſh? Can you drive heat from fire?
So may you love from this; for Love and Death
Are Brothers in this Kingdom, onely Death
Comes by the Mothers ſide, and that's the ſureſt.
That General is wondrous fortunate,
Has won another field ſince, and a victory
That credits all the reſt: He may more boaſt on't,
Then of a thouſand conqueſts. I am loſt,
Utterly loſt, where are my Women now,
Alas what help's in them, what ſtrength have they?
I call to a weak guard, when I call them,
In reſcuing me, they'ld be themſelves o'er-come,
When I that profeſt war, am overthrown.
What hope's in them then, that nev'r ſtir'd from home?
My Faith is gone for ever, my Reputation with the Cardinal,
My Fame, my Praiſe, my Liberty, my Peace,
Chang'd for a reſtleſs Paſſion: Oh hard ſpight
To loſe my ſeven years victory at one fight. *Exit.*

Scæn. 4. *Enter* Dondolo, *and the Page with a Shirt.*

Page. I prethee *Dondolo*, take this ſhirt, and air it a little againſt my Maſter riſes, I'had rather do any thing then do't y'faith.

Dond. O monſtrous, horrible, terrible, intollerable! Are not you big enough to air a ſhirt; were it a ſmock now, you liquoriſh Page, you'ld be hang'd, ere you'ld

you'ld part from't. If thou do'ſt not prove as arrant a ſmell-ſmock, as any the Town affords, in a Term time, I'll loſe my judgment in Wenching.

Page. Piſh; here *Dondolo*, prethee take it.

Dond. It's no more but up and ride with you then? All my generation were Bedles and Officers: and do you think I'm ſo eaſily intreated? you ſhall finde a harder peece of work (Boy) then you imagine, to get any thing from my hands; I will not diſgenerate ſo much from the nature of my kinred; you muſt bribe me one way or other, if you look to have any thing done, or elſe you may do't your ſelf. 'Twas juſt my Fathers humor when he bore office; you know my minde Page, The Song, the Song; I muſt either have the Song, you ſung to my Maſter laſt night, when he went to Bed, or I'll not do a ſtitch of ſervice for you, from one weeks end to the other. As I am a Gentleman, you ſhall bruſh Cloaks, make clean Spurs, nay, pull of ſtrait Boots, although in the tugging, you chance to fall and hazard the breaking of your little Buttocks: I'll take no more pity of your Maribones, then a Butchers Dog of a Rump of Beef; nay, ka me, ka thee, If you will eaſe the Melancholy of my minde with ſinging, I will deliver you from the calamity of Boots-haling.

Page. Alas you know I cannot ſing.

Dond. Take heed, you may ſpeak at ſuch an hour, that your voice may be clean taken away from you: I have known many a good Gentlewoman ſay ſo much as you ſay now, and have preſently gone to Bed, and ſay ſpeechleſs; 'Tis not good to jeſt, as old *Chaucer* was wont to ſay, that broad famous Engliſh Poet. Cannot you ſing ſay you? Oh that a Boy ſhould ſo keep cut with his Mother, and be given to diſſembling.

Page. Faith to your knowledge in't, ill may ſeem well;
But as I hope in comforts, I've no skill.

Dond. A pox of skill, give me plain ſimple cunning: Why ſhould not ſinging be as well got without skill, as the getting of children; you ſhall have the arrant'ſt Fool do as much there, as the wiſeſt Coxcomb of 'em all, let 'em have all the help of Doctors put to 'em; both the directions of Phyſitians, and the erections of Pothecaries; you ſhall have a plain Hobnail'd Countrey-Fellow, marrying ſome Dairy-wench, tumble out two of a year, and ſometimes three, By'rlady, as the crop falls out; and your nice paling Phyſicking-Gentlefolks, ſome one in nine years, and hardly then a whole one, as it ſhould be; the wanting of ſo me Apricock, or ſomething, looſes a member on him, or quite ſpoils it. Come will you ſing, that I may warm the ſhirt; by this light, he ſhall put it on cold for me elſe.

Page. A Song or two I learnt, with hearing Gentlewomen practiſe themſelves.

Dond. Come, you are ſo modeſt now, 'tis pity that thou was't ever bred to be thruſt through a pair of Canions; thou wouldſt have made a pretty fooliſh Waiting-woman, but for one thing. Wil't ſing?

Page. As well as I can *Dondolo.*

Dond. Give me the ſhirt then, I'll warm't as well I can too.
Why look you Whoreſon Cockſcomb, this is a ſmock.

Page. No 'tis my Maſters ſhirt.

Dond. Why that's true too,
Who knows not that; why 'tis the faſhion Fool,
All your yong Gallants here of late wear ſmocks;
Thoſe without Beards eſpecially.

Page.

Page. Why what's the reaſon Sir.

Dond. Marry very great reaſon in't: A yong gallant lying a Bed with his Wench, if the Conſtable ſhould chance to come up and ſearch, being both in ſmocks, they'd be taken for Siſters; and I hope a Conſtable dare go no further: And as for the knowing of their Heads, that's well enough too; for I know many yong Gentlemen, wear longer hair then their Miſtreſſes.

Page. 'Tis a hot world the whilſt:

Dond Nay, that's moſt certain,
And a moſt witty age of a bald one; for all Languages y'have many daughters ſo well brought up, they ſpeak French naturally at fifteen, and they are turn'd to the Spaniſh and Italian half a year after.

Page. That's like learning the Grammar firſt, and the Accidence after;
They go backward ſo.

Dond. The fitter for the Italian; thou'ſt no wit Boy,
Hadſt had a Tutor, he'ld have taught thee that.
Come, come, that I may be gone Boy:

SONG.

Muſick.

Page: *CUpid is* Venus *onely joy,*
But he's a wanton Boy:
A very, very wanton Boy.
He ſhoots at Ladies naked Breſts;
He is the cauſe of moſt mens Creſts;
I mean upon the Forehead,
Inviſible, but horrid.
Of the ſhort Velvet Mask, he was deviſer,
That Wives may kiſs, the husband's ne'r the wiſer.
'Twas he firſt thought upon the way,
To keep a Ladies Lips in play.

Dond. Oh rich, ravishing, rare, and inticing: Well, go thy ways, for as sweet a Brested Page, as ever lay at his Masters feet in a Truckle-bed.

Page. You'll hie you in straight *Dondolo?* *Exit.*

Dond. I'll not miss you.
This smockified shirt, or shirted smock,
I will go toste; let me see what's a clock,
I must to th'Castle straight to see his love,
Either by hook or crook: My Master storming
Sent me last night, but I'll be gone this morning.
Exit.

Act. 2. Scæn. 1.

Enter Dutchess and Celia.

Dutch. SEek out the lightest colours can be got;
The youthful'st dressings; Tauny is too sad.
I am not thirty yet, I have wronged my time,
To go so long in black, like a Petitioner.
See that the Powder that I use about me,
Be rich in *Cassia.*

Cel. Here's a sudden change.

Dutch. Oh I'm undone in Faith: Stay, art thou certain
Lactantio, Nephew to the Cardinal,
Was present in the late entertainment of the General?

Cel. Upon my reputation with your Excellence,
These eyes beheld him: He came foremost, Madam,
'Twas he in black and yellow.

Dutch. Nay, 'tis no matter, either for himself

Or

Or for the affectation of his colours,
So you be sure he was there.
Cel. As sure as sight
Can discern man from man, Madam. *Exit.*
Dutch. It suffices.
Oh an ill cause had need of many helps,
Much art, and many friends, I, and those mighty,
Or else it sets in shame. A Faith once lost,
Requires great cunning, er't be entertain'd
Into the Brest of a belief again.
There's no condition so unfortunate,
Poor, miserable, to any Creature given,
As hers that breaks in vow, she breaks with Heaven:

Enter Lord Cardinal.

L. Card. Increase of health, and a redoubled courage
To Chastities great Soldier: what so sad Madam?
The memorie of her seven yeares deceased Lord
Springs yet into her eyes, as fresh and full
As at the seaventh houre after his departure:
What a perpetual Fountain is her vertue?
Too much to afflict your self with ancient sorrow
Is not so strictly for your strength requird:
Your vow is charge enough, beleive me 'tis Madam,
You need no waightier task.
Dutch. Religious Sir,
You heard the last words of my dying Lord.
L. Card. Which I shall nev'r forget.
Dutch. May I entreat
Your goodnes but to speake 'em over to me
As neere as memory can befriend your utterance,
That I may think a while I stand in presence
Of my departing Husband.

L. Card. What's your meaning?
In this moſt vertuous Madam?
Dutch. 'Tis a curteſie
I ſtand in need of Sir, at this time ſpecially,
Urge it no further yet; as it proves to me,
You ſhall hear from me, onely I deſire it
Effectually from you Sir, that's my requeſt.
L. Card. I wonder, yet I'll ſpare to queſtion farther.
You ſhall have your deſire.
Dutch. I thank you Sir.
A bleſſing come along with't.
L. Card. You ſee my Lords, what all Earths glory is
Rightly defin'd in me, uncertain breath;
A dream of threeſcore years to the long ſleeper,
To moſt not half the time. Beware Ambition,
Heaven is not reach'd with Pride, but with ſubmiſſion,
And you Lord Cardinal labor to perfect
Good purpoſes begun, be what you ſeem,
Stedfaſt, and uncorrupt, your actions noble,
Your goodneſs ſimple, without gain or art,
And not in veſture hollier then in heart.
But 'tis a pain, more then the pangs of death,
To think that we muſt part, Fellows of life.
Thou richneſs of my joys, kinde and deer Princeſs.
Death had no ſting, but for our ſeparation,
T'would come more calm then an ev'nings peace,
That brings on reſt to labors: Thou art ſo precious,
I ſhould depart in everlaſting envy
Unto the man, that ever ſhould enjoy thee:
Oh a new torment ſtrikes his force into me,
When I but think on't, I am rack'd and torn,
Pity me in thy vertues.
Dutch. My lov'd Lord,

Let you confirm'd opinion of my life,
My love, my faithful love, ſeal an aſſurance
Of quiet to your ſpirit, that no forgetfulneſs
Can caſt a ſleep ſo deadly on my Sences,
To draw my affections to a ſecond liking.
L. Card. 'Tas ever been the promiſe, and the ſpring
Of my great love to thee. For once to marry
Is honorable in woman, and her ignorance
Stands for a vertue, coming new and freſh;
But ſecond marriage ſhews deſires in fleſh:
Thence luſt, and heat, and common cuſtom grows,
But ſhe's part Virgin, who but one man knows.
I here expect a work of thy great Faith,
At my laſt parting, I can crave no more,
And with thy vow, I reſt my ſelf for ever,
My ſoul and it ſhall flie to Heaven together:
Seal to my ſpirit, that quiet ſatisfaction,
And I go hence in Peace.
Dutch. Then here I vow, never.
L. Card Why Madam?
Dutch. I can go no further.
L. Card. What have you forgot your vow?
Dutch. I have, too certainly.
L. Card. Your vow? that cannot be; it follows now,
Juſt where I left.
Dutch. My frailty gets before it,
Nothing prevails but ill.
L. Card. What ail you Madam?
Dutch. Sir, I'm in love.
L. Card. Oh all you powers of Chaſtity,
Look to this woman, let her not faint now
For honor of your ſelves: If ſhe be loſt,
I know not where to ſeek my hope in woman.
Madam, Oh Madam.

Dutch. My deſires are ſickned
Beyond recovery of good counſel Sir.
L. Card. What miſcheif ow'd a malice to the Sex,
To work this ſpightful ill; better the man
Had never known Creation, then to live
Th'unlucky ruine of ſo fair a Temple;
Yet think upon your vow, revive in Faith,
Thoſe are eternal things. What are all pleaſures,
Flatteries of men, and Follies upon Earth
To your moſt excellent goodneſs? Oh ſhe's dead,
Stark cold to any vertuous claim within her.
What now is heat, is ſins. Have I approved
Your conſtancy for this, call'd your Faith noble,
Writ volumes of your victories and vertues?
I have undone my judgment, loſt my praiſes,
Blemiſh'd the truth of my opinion.
Give me the man, that I may pour him out
To all contempt and curſes.
Dutch. The mans innocent,
Full of deſert and grace, his name *Lactantio.*
L. Card. How?
Dutch. Your Nephew.
L. Card. My Nephew!
Dutch. Beſhrew the ſight of him; he lives not Sir,
That could have conquer'd me, himſelf excepted.
L. Card. He that I lov'd ſo dearly, does he wear
Such killing poyſon in his eye to ſanctity?
He has undone himſelf for ever by't,
Has loſt a friend of me, and a more ſure one.
Farewel all natural pitty, though my affection
Could hardly ſpare him from my ſight an hour,
I'l loſe him now eternally, and ſtrive
To live without him; he ſhall ſtraight to *Rome.*

Dutch.

Dutch. Not if you love my health, or life, my Lord.

L. Card. This day he ſhall ſet forth:

Dutch. Diſpatch me rather.

L. Card. I'll ſend him far enough.

Dutch. Send me to death firſt.

L. Card. No Baſilisk that ſtrikes dead pure affection
With venemous eye, lives under my protection. *Exit.*

Dutch Now my conditions worſe then ev'r 'twas yet,
My cunning takes not with him: Has broke through
The Net, that with all art was ſet for him,
And left the ſnarer here herſelf intangled
With her own toils. Oh what are we poor ſouls,
When our diſſembling fails us? Surely Creatures
As full of want, as any Nation can be
That ſcarce have food to keep bare life about 'em:
Had this but took effect, what a fair way
Had I made for my love to th' General,
And cut of all ſuſpect, all reprehenſion?
My hopes are kill'd i'th' bloſſom. *Exit.*

Scæn: 3. *Enter L. Cardinal.*

L. Card. Let me think upon't,
Set holy anger by a while, there's time
Allow'd for natural argument: 'Tis ſhe
That loves my Nephew, ſhe that loves, loves firſt;
What cauſe have I to lay a blame on him then?
He's in no fault in this; ſay 'twas his fortune
At the free entertainment of the General,
'Mongſt others the deſerts and hopes of *Milan*,
To come into her ſight, where's th' offence yet?
What ſin was that in him? man's ſight and preſence

Are

Are free to publick view: She might as well
Have fixed her hearts love then upon ſome other,
I would t'had lighted any where but there,
Yet I may erre to wiſh't, ſince it appears
The hand of Heaven, that onely pickt him out
To reward vertue in him by this Fortune,
And through affection I'm half conquer'd now,
I love his good, as dearly as her vow,
Yet there my credit lives in works and praiſes:
I never found a harder fight within me,
Since zeal firſt taught me war, ſay I ſhould labor
To quench this love, and ſo quench life and all;
As by all likelihood it would prove her death:
For it muſt needs be granted, ſhe affects him
As dearly, as the power of love can force,
Since her vow aws her not, that was her Saint.
What right could that be to Religion
To be her end, and diſpoſes my Kinſman;
No I will bear in pity to her heart,
The reſt commend to Fortune, and my Art. *Exit.*

Scæn. 4. *Enter Father, Governor,* Aurelia, *and* Andrugio *diſguiſed.*

Gover. I like him paſſing well.
Fath. He's a tall fellow.
Andr. A couple of tall wits: I have ſeen ſome ſervice Sir.
Gover. Nay ſo it ſeems by thy diſcourſe good-fellow.
Andr. Good-fellow, calls me theif familiarly:
I could ſhew many marks of reſolution,
But modeſty could wiſh'em rather hidden:
I fetcht home three and twenty wounds together
In one ſet battel, where I was defeated
At the ſame time of the third part of my Noſe,

But

But meeting with a skilful Surgeon;
Took order for my ſnuffling.
Gover. And a Noſe
Well hèal'd, is counted a good cure in theſe days,
It ſaves many a mans honeſty, which elſe
Is quickly drawn into ſuſpition.
This night ſhall bring you acquainted with your charge;
In the mean time you and your valors welcome.
Would we had more ſtore of you, although they come
With fewer marks about 'em.
Fath. So wiſh I Sir. *Exeunt Father and Governor.*
Andr. I was about to call her; and ſhe ſtays
Of her own gift, as if ſhe knew my minde;
Certain ſhe knows me not, not poſſible.
Aur. What if I left my token, and my Letter
With this ſtrange fellow, ſo to be convey'd
Without ſuſpition to *Lactantio*'s ſervant:
Not ſo, I'll truſt no freſh-man with ſuch ſecrets;
His ignorance may miſtake, and giv't to one
That may belong to th'General; for I know
He ſets ſome ſpies about me, but all he gets
Shall not be worth his pains. I would *Lactantio*
Would ſeek ſome means to free me from this place,
'Tis priſonment enough to be a Maid;
But to be mew'd up too, that caſe is hard,
As if a Toy were kept, by a double guard.
Andr. Away ſhe ſteals again, not minding me.
'Twas not at me ſhe offer'd: Hark you Gentlewoman.
Aur. With me Sir?
Andr. I could call you by your name;
But Gentle's the beſt attribute to woman.
Aur. *Andrugio*, Oh as welcome to my Lips,
As morning Dew to Roſes: My firſt love.

Andr.

Andr. Why have you more then?
Aur. What a word was there?
More then thy self, what woman could desire
If reason had a part of her Creation?
For loving you, you see Sir I'm a prisoner;
There's all the cause they have against me Sir.
A happy persecution, I so count on't,
If any thing be done to me for your sake,
'Tis pleasing to me.
Andr. Are you not abus'd,
Either through force, or by your own consent;
Hold you your honor perfect and unstain'd;
Are you the same still, that at my departure,
My honest thoughts maintain'd you to my heart?
Aur. The same most just.
Andr. Swear 't.
Aur. By my hope of fruitfulness,
Love, and agreement, the three joys of marriage.
Andr. I am confirm'd, and in requital on't,
Ere long expect your freedom.
Aur. Oh you flatter me,
It is a wrong to make a wretch too happy,
So suddenly upon affliction.
Beshrew me, if I be not sick upon't;
'Tis like a surfeit after a great feast.
My freedom said you?
Andr. Do'st o'rcome you so?
Aur. Temptation never overcame a sinner
More pleasingly, then this sweet news my heart.
Here's secret joy can witness, I am proud on't.
Andr. Violence I will not use, I come a friend,
'Twere madness to force that, which wit can end;
Aur. Most vertuously deliver'd;
Andr. Thou art in raptures:
Aur. My love, my love.

Andr.

Andr. Moſt vertuouſly deliver'd,
Spoke like the ſiſter of a Puritan Midwife:
Will you embrace the means that I have thought on,
With all the ſpeed you can?
Aur. Sir any thing.
You cannot name't too dangerous, or too homely.
Andr. Fie, you over-act your happineſs,
You drive ſlight things to wonders.
Aur. Blame me not Sir,
You know not my affection.
Andr. Will you hear me,
There are a ſect of pilfring juggling people,
The vulgar tongue call Gipſeys.
Aur. True, the ſame Sir.
I ſaw the like this morning: Say no more Sir;
I apprehend you fully.
Andr. What, you do not?
Aur. No: Hark you Sir.
Andr. Now by this light 'tis true.
Sure if you prove as quick as your conceit,
You'll be an exc'lent breeder.
Aur. I ſhould do reaſon by the Mothers ſide Sir,
If Fortune do her part, in a good Getter.
Andr. That's not to do now (ſweet) the man ſtands near thee.
Aur. Long may he ſtand moſt fortunately Sir,
Whom her kinde goodneſs has appointed for me
Andr. A while I'll take my leave to avoid ſuſpition.
Aur. I do commend your courſe; good Sir forget me not.
Andr. All comforts ſooner.
Aur. Liberty is ſweet, Sir.
Andr. I know there's nothing ſweeter, next to love,
But health it ſelf, which is the Prince of life.
Aur. Your knowledge raiſe you Sir.
Andr. Farewel till evening. *Exit Andrugio.*

Aur.

Aur. And after that, farewel sweet Sir for ever.
A good kinde Gentleman to serve our turn with,
But not for lasting: I have chose a Stuff
Will wear out two of him, and one finer too:
I like not him that has two Mistresses;
War, and his sweet-heart, he can ne'r please both:
And War's a soaker, she's no friend to us,
Turns a man home sometimes to his Mistress,
Some forty ounces poorer then he went.
All his discourse out of the Book of Surgery,
Seer-cloth, and Salve, and lies you all in Tents,
Like your Camp-Victlers: Out upon't, I smile
To think how I have fitted him with an office;
His love takes pains to bring our loves together,
Much like your man that labors to get treasure,
To keep his wife high for anothers pleasure. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scæn. 1.

Enter Lactantio, *and Page.*

Page. THink of your shame and mine.
Lact. I prethee peace,
Thou art th'unfortunat'st peece of taking business,
That ever man repented, when day peep'd;
I'll ne'r ke tep such a peece of Touch-wood again,
And I we re rid of thee once. Welfare those
That neve r sham'd their Master, I have had such,
And I ma y live to see the time again;
I do not d loubt on't.
Page. If my too much kindness
Receive : pour anger onely for reward,

The

The harder is my fortune, I muſt tell you Sir,
To ſtir your care up to prevention,
(Misfortunes muſt be told as well as bleſſings)
When I left all my friends in *Mantua*,
For your loves ſake alone, then with ſtrange oaths
You promis'd preſent marriage.
Lact. With ſtrange oaths quoth' a,
They're not ſo ſtrange to me, I have ſworn the ſame things,
I am ſure forty times over; not ſo little.
I may be perfect in 'em, for my ſtanding.
Page. You ſee 'tis high time now Sir.
Lact. Yes, yes, yes,
Marriage is nothing with you; a toy till death.
If I ſhould marry all thoſe I have promis'd,
'Twould make one Vicar hoarſe, ere he could diſpatch us:
I muſt deviſe ſome ſhift, when ſhe grows big,
Thoſe Maſculine Hoſe will ſhortly prove too little:
What if ſhe were convey'd to Nurſes houſe;
A good ſure old Wench; and ſhe'ld love the childe well,
Becauſe ſhe ſuckl'd the Father: No ill courſe
By my Mortality, I may hit worſe.

Enter *Dondolo.*

Now *Dondolo*, the news.
Dond. The news:
Lact. How do's ſhe?
Dond. Soft, ſoft Sir, you think 'tis nothing to get news out o'th' Caſtle;
I was there.
Lact. Well Sir.
Dond. As you know a merry fellow may paſs any where.

Lact.

Lact. So Sir.

Dond Never in better fooling in my life.

Lact. What's this to th' purpoſe?

Dond. Nay 'twas nothing to th' purpoſe, that's certain.

Lact. How Wretched this ſlave makes me! Didſt not ſee her?

Dond. I ſaw her.

Lact. Well, what ſaid ſhe then?

Dond. Not a word Sir.

Lact. How, not a word?

Dond. Proves her the better Maid;
For Virgins ſhould be ſeen more then they'r heard.

Lact. Exceeding good Sir; you are no ſweet villain.

Dond. No Faith Sir; for you keep me in foul Linnen.

Lact. Turn'd ſcurvy rimer are you?

Dond. Not ſcurvy neither,
Though I be ſomewhat itchy in the profeſſion;
If you could hear me out with patience, I know her minde
As well as if I were in her belly.

Lact. Thou ſaidſt ev'n now, ſhe never ſpake a word.

Dond. But ſhe gave certain ſigns, and that's as good.

Lact. Canſt thou conceive by ſigns?

Dond. Oh paſſing well Sir,
Ev'n from an Infant; did you nev'r know that?
I was the happieſt childe in all our Country,
I was born of a dumb woman.

Lact. How?

Dond. Stark dumb Sir: My Father had a rare bargain of her, a rich peniworth; there would have been but too much money given for her. A Juſtice of

of Peace was about her, but my Father being then Conſtable, carried her before him.

Laſt. Well ſince we are entred into theſe dumb ſhews,
What were the ſigns ſhe gave you?

Dond. Many and good, Sir.
Imprimis, ſhe firſt gap'd, but that I gheſs'd
Was done for want of air, cauſe ſhe's kept cloſe;
But had ſhe been abroad, and gapt as much,
T'had been another caſe; then caſt ſhe up
Her pretty eye, and wink't; the word me thought was then
Come not till twitter light: Next, thus her fingers went,
As who ſhould ſay, I'd fain have a ho'e broke to 'ſcape away.
Then look'd upon her watch, and twice ſhe nodded,
As who ſhould ſay, The hour will come Sweet-heart
That I ſhall make two Noddies of my Keepers.

Laſt. A third of thee. Is this your Mother tongue?
My hopes are much the wiſer for this Language,
There is no ſuch curſe in love to an arrant Ais.

Dond O yes, Sir, yes, an arrant whore's far worſe. You nev'r lin railing on me, from one weeks end to another: But you can keep a little Tit-mouſe Page there, that's good for nothing, but to carry Tooth-picks, put up your Pipe or ſo, that's all he's good for: he cannot make him ready as he ſhould do, I am fain to truſs his points ev'ry morning. Yet the proud ſcornful Ape, when all the lodgings were taken up with ſtrangers th'other night, he would not ſuffer me to come to Bed to him, but kickt and prickt, and pinch'd me, like an Urchin; there's no good quality in him. Oh my Conſcience I think he ſcarce knows how to ſtride a Horſe; I ſaw him with a little hunting Nag, but thus high t'other day; and he

was fain to lead him to a high rail, and get up like a Butter-wench; there's no good Fellowſhip in this Dandiprat, this Dive-dapper, as is in other Pages; they'd go a ſwimming with no familiarly i'th' heat of Summer, and clap what you call 'ems: But I could never get that little Monkey yet to put off his Breeches. A tender, puling, nice, chitty fac'd Squal 'tis.

Lact. Is this the good you do me? his love's wretched,
And moſt diſtreſs'd, that muſt make uſe of Fools.

Dond. Fool to my face ſtill! that's unreaſonable; I will be a knave one day for this trick,
Or it ſhall coſt me a fall, though it be from a Gibbet,
It has been many a proper mans laſt leap.
Nay ſure I'll be quite out of the precincts of a Fool, if I live but two days to an end: I will turn Gipſey preſently, and that's the high-way to the dantieſt knave that ever Mother's Son took journey too. Oh thoſe dear Gipſeys, they live the merrieſt lives, eat ſweet ſtoln Hens, pluckt over Pales or Hedges by a twitch; they are nev'r without a plump and lovely Gooſe, or beautiful Sow-pig; thoſe things I ſaw with mine own eyes to day; they call thoſe vanities, and triffling pilfries: But if a privy ſearch were made amongſt 'em, they ſhould finde other manner of ware about 'em; Cups, Rings, and Silver Spoons, by'r Lady, Bracelets, Pearl Neck-laces, and Chains of Gold ſometimes; they are the wittieſt theeves: I'll ſtay no longer, but ev'n go look what I can ſteal, now preſently, and ſo begin to bring my ſelf acquainted with 'em. *Exit.*

Lact. Nothing I fear ſo much, as in this time
Of my dull abſence, her firſt love, the General
Will wind himſelf into her affection,
By ſecret gifts and Letters; there's the miſchief;
I have no enemy like him, though my policy

Diſſembled

Dissembled him a welcome, no mans hate
Can stick more close unto a loath'd disease,
Then mine to him.

Enter Lord Cardinal.

L. Card. What ails this pretty Boy to weep so often?
Tell me the cause childe; how his eyes stand full!
Beshrew you Nephew, you're too bitter to him;
He is so soft, th'unkindness of a word
Melts him into a woman; 'lass poor Boy,
Thou shalt not serve him longer; 'twere great pity
That thou shouldst wait upon an angry Master.
I have promis'd thee to one will make much of thee,
And hold thy weak youth in most deer respect.

Page. Oh I beseech your Grace, that I may serve
No Master else.

L. Card. Thou shalt not: Mine's a Mistress,
The greatest Mistress in all *Milan*, Boy;
The Dutchess self.

Page. Nor her, nor any.

L. Card. Cease Boy,
Thou knowest not thine own happiness, through fondness,
And therefore must be learn'd; go dry thine eyes.

Page. This rather is the way to make 'em moister.

Exit Page.

L. Card. Now Nephew, Nephew.

Lact. Oh y'have snatcht my spirit Sir,
From the divinest Meditation
That ever made Soul happy.

L. Card. I am afraid
I shall have as much toil to bring him on now,
As I had pains to keep her off from him,
I have thought it fit Nephew, considering

The present barrenness of our name and house,
(The onely Famine of succeeding honor)
To move the ripeness of your time to marriage.
Lact. How Sir, to marriage?
L. Card. Yes, to a fruitful life;
We must not all be strict so generation
Would lose her right; thou'rt yong, 'tis my desire
To see thee bestow'd happily in my life time.
Lact. Does your Grace well remember who I am,
When you speak this?
L. Card. Yes, very perfectly;
Y'are a yong man, full in the grace of life,
And made to do love credit; proper, handsome,
And for affection, pregnant.
Lact. I beseech you Sir,
Take off your praises, rather then bestow 'em
Upon so frail a use, alas you know Sir,
I know not what love is, or what you speak of;
If woman be amongst it, I shall swoun; take her away
For contemplation's sake; most serious Uncle,
Name no such thing to me.
L. Card. Come, come you'r fond:
Prove but so strict and obstinate in age,
And you are well to pass. There's honest love
Allow'd you now for recreation;
The years will come when all delights must leave you,
Stick close to Vertue then; in the mean time
There's honorable joys to keep youth company;
And if death take you there, dying no adulterer,
You'r out of his eternal reach, defie him.
List hither, come to me, and with great thankfulness,
Welcome thy Fortunes; 'tis the Dutchess loves thee.

Lact.

Laſt. The Dutcheſs!
L. Card. Dotes on thee: Will die for thee,
Unleſs ſhe may enjoy thee.
Laſt. She muſt die then.
L. Card How?
Laſt. Alas, do you think ſhe ever means to do't Sir?
I'll ſooner believe all a woman ſpeaks,
Then that ſhe'll die for love: She has a vow my Lord,
That will keep life in her.
L. Card. Believe me then,
That ſhould have bounteous intereſt in thy Faith,
She's thine, and not her vows, the more my ſorrow,
My toil, and my deſtruction.
Laſt. My blood dances.
L. Card. And though that baſhful Maiden vertue in thee,
That never held familiar league with woman,
Binds faſt all pity to her heart that loves thee.
Let me prevail, my counſel ſtands up to thee;
Embrace it as the fulneſs of thy Fortunes,
As if all bleſſings upon Earth were clos'd
Within one happineſs; for ſuch an other
Whole life could never meet with; go and preſent
Your ſervice, and your love, but on your hopes
Do it religiouſly: What need I doubt him,
Whom Chaſtity locks up?
Laſt. Oh Envy, hadſt thou no other means to come by vertue,
But by ſuch treachery! The Dutcheſs love!
Thou wouldſt be ſure to aim it high enough,
Thou knew'ſt full well 'twas no prevailing elſe.

Sir, what your will commands, mine shall fulfil:
I'll teach my heart in all t'obey your will.

Enter Lords.

L. Card. A thing you shall not lose by. Here come the Lords,
Go follow you the course that I advised you;
The comfort of thy presence is expected;
Away with speed to Court, she languishes
For one deer sight of thee: For life's sake haste,
You lose my favor if you let her perish.

Last. And art thou come brave Fortune, the reward
Of neat hypocrisie, that ever book't it,
Or turn'd up transitory white o'th' eye
After the Feminine rapture: Dutchess and I
Were a fit match, can be deny'd of no man;
The best dissembler lights on the best woman;
'Twere sin to part us. *Exit.*

L. Card. You Lights of State, Truths Friends, much honored Lords,
Faithful admirers of our Dutchess vertues,
And firm Believers; it appears as plain
As knowledge to the eyes of industry,
That neither private motion, which holds counsel
Often with womans frailty, and her blood,
Nor publick sight, the lightning of temptations,
Which from the eye strikes sparks into the bosom,
And sets whole hearts on fire, hath power to raise
A heat in her 'bove that which feeds chaste life,
And gives that cherishing means; she's the same still,
And seems so seriously imploy'd in soul,
As if she could not tend to cast an eye
Upon deserts so low as those in man.

It

It merits famous memory I confeſs;
Yet many times when I behold her youth,
And think upon the loſt hopes of poſterity,
Succeſſion, and the royal fruits of Beauty,
All by the raſhneſs of one vow made deſperate,
It goes ſo near my heart, I feel it painful,
And wakes me into pity oftentimes,
When others ſleep unmov'd.

1 *Lord.* I ſpeak it faithfully,
For 'tis poor fame to boaſt of a diſeaſe,
Your Grace has not endu ed that pain alone;
T'has been a grief of mine, but where's the remedy?

L. Card. True, there your Lordſhip ſpake enough in little;
There's nothing to be hoped for but repulſes;
She's not to ſeek for armor againſt love,
That has bid battel to his powers ſo long;
He that ſhould try her now, had need come ſtrong,
And with more force then his own Arguments,
Or he may part diſgrac'd, being put to flight;
That Soldier's tough, has been in ſeven years fight,
Her vow's invincible; for you muſt grant this,
If thoſe deſires train'd up in fleſh and blood
To war continually 'gainſt good intents,
Prove all too weak for her, having advantage
Both of her ſex, and her unskilfulneſs
At a Spiritual weapon, wanting knowledge
To manage reſolution, and yet win;
What force can a poor Argument bring in?
The Books that I have publiſh'd in her praiſe,
Commend her conſtancy, and that's Fame-worthy;
But if you read me o'r with eyes of enemies,
You cannot juſtly, and with honor tax me,
That I diſſwade her life from marriage there:
Now Heaven, and fruitfulneſs forbid, not I:
She may be conſtant there, and the hard war

Of Chaſtity, is held a vertuous ſtrife,
As rare in marriage, as in ſingle life;
Nay, by ſome writers rarer; hear their reaſons,
And you'll approve 'em fairly. She that's ſingle,
Either in Maid or Widow, oftentimes
The fear of ſhame, more then the fear of Heaven,
Keeps chaſte, and conſtant; when the tempeſt comes
She knows ſhe has no ſhelter for her ſin,
It muſt endure the weathers of all cenſure:
Nothing but Sea and Air, that poor Bark feels,
When ſhe in wedlock is like a ſafe veſſel
That lies at anchor; come what weathers can,
She has her Harbor: At her great unlading,
Much may be ſtoln, and little waſte; the Maſter
Thinks himſelf rich enough with what he has,
And holds content by that. How think you now Lords?
If ſhe that might offend ſafe, does not erre,
What's chaſte in others, is moſt rare in her.

2 Lord. What wiſdom but approves it?

1 Lord. But my Lord,
This ſhould be told to her it concerns moſt;
Pity ſuch good things ſhould be ſpoke and loſt.

L. Card. That were the way to loſe 'em utterly,
You quite forget her vow; yet now I think on't,
What is that vow? 'Twas but a thing inforc'd,
Was it not Lords?

1 Lord. Meerly compell'd indeed.

L. Card. Onely to pleaſe the Duke, and forced vertue
Fails in her merit, there's no crown prepar'd for't:
What have we done, my Lords? I fear we have ſin'd
In too much ſtrictneſs to uphold her in't,
In cheriſhing her will; for womans goodneſs
Takes counſel of that firſt, and then determines.

She cannot truly be call'd constant now,
If she persever; rather obstinate,
The Vow appearing forced, as it proves,
Try'd by our purer thoughts: The grace and triumph
Of all her victories, are but idle glories;
She wilful, and we enemies to succession.
I will not take rest, till I tell her soul
As freely as I talk to those I keep.

Lords. And we'll all second you, my Lord.

L. Card. Agreed.
We'll knit such knots of Arguments so fast,
All wit in her shall not undo in hast.

2 *Lord.* Nay sure, I think all we shall be too hard for her,
Else she's a huge wilde Creature.

1 *Lord.* If we win,
And she yeild marriage, then will I strike in. *Exeunt.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter Dutchess and* Celia.

Dutch. Thou tell'st me happy things, if they be certain,
To bring my wishes about wondrous strangely.
Lactantio Nephew to the Cardinal,
The Generals secret enemy?

Cel. Most true Madam,
I had it from a Gentleman, my Kinsman,
That knows the best part of *Lactantio*'s bosom.

Dutch. It happens passing fortunately, to save
Imployment in another; he will 'come now
A necessary property; he may thank
The need and use we have of him for his welcome.
Now who's that knocks? *Knocks within.*

Cel. Madam, 'tis he, with speed.
I thought he had brought his horse to th' Chamber door,

He

He made such haste and noise.

Dutch. Admit him prethee,
And have a care your heart be true and secret:

Cel. Take life away from't, when it fails you Madam. *Exit.*

Enter Lactantio.

Dutch. Enough; I know thee wise.
He comes with haste indeed: Are you come now Sir?
You should have staid yet longer, and have found me
Dead, to requite your haste.

Lact. Love bless you better Madam.

Dutch. Must I bid welcome to the man undoes me,
The cause of my vows breach, my honor's enemy;
One that does all the mischief to my fame,
And mocks my seven years conquest with his name?
This is a force of Love was never felt;
But I'll not grudge at Fortune, I will take
Captivity cheerfully: Here, seise upon me,
And if thy heart can be so pitiless
To chain me up for ever in those arms,
I'll take it mildly, I, and thank my Stars,
For w'are all subject to the chance of wars.

Lact. We are so, yet take comfort vanquish'd Dutchess,
I'll use you like an honorable prisoner,
You shall be entreated; day shall be
Free for all sports to you, the night for me;
That's all I challenge, all the rest is thine;
And for your fare 't' shall be no worse then mine.

Dutch. Nay then I'm heartily pleasant, and as merry
As one that ows no malice, and that's well Sir;

You

You cannot ſay ſo much for your part, can you?
Lact. Faith all that I ow, is to one man, Madam,
And ſo can few men ſay: Marry that malice
Wears no dead fleſh about it, 'tis a ſtinger.
Dutch. What is he that ſhall dare to be your enemy,
Having our friendſhip, if he be a ſervant
And ſubject to our Law?
Lact. Yes, truſt me Madam,
Of a vilde fellow, I hold him a true ſubject;
There's many arrant knaves, that are good ſubjects,
Some for their livings ſakes, ſome for their lives,
That will unſeen, eat men, and drink their wives.
Dutch. They are as much in fault that know ſuch people,
And yet conceal 'em from the whips of Juſtice.
For love's ſake give me in your foe betimes,
Before he vex you further; I will order him
To your hearts wiſhes, load him with diſgraces,
That your revenge ſhall rather pity him,
Then wiſh more weight upon him.
Lact. Say you ſo Madam!
Here's a bleſt hour, that feeds both love and hate;
Then take thy time brave malice: Vertuous Princeſs,
The onely enemy that my veng'ance points to,
Lives in *Andrugio*.
Dutch. What the General?
Lact. That's the man, Madam.
Dutch. Are you ſerious Sir?
Lact. As at my prayers.
Dutch. We meet happily then
In both our wiſhes; he's the onely man
My will has had a longing to diſgrace,
For divers capital contempts; my memory
Shall call 'em all together now; nay Sir,

I'll

I'll bring his faith in War, now into question,
And his late conference with th'enemy.
Lact. By'r Lady a shrewd business, and a dangerous.
Seignior, your neck's a cracking.
Dutch. Stay, stay Sir, take Pen and Ink.
Lact. Here's both, and Paper, Madam.
Dutch. I'll take him in a fine trap.
Lact. That were exc'llent.
Dutch. A Letter so writ, would abuse him strangely.
Lact. Good Madam, let me understand your minde,
And then take you no care for his abusing,
I serve for nothing else. I can write fast and fair
Most true Orthography, and observe my stops.
Dutch. Stay, stay a while,
You do not know his hand.
Lact. A bastard Roman,
Much like mine own. I could go near it Madam.
Dutch. Marry and shall.
Lact. We were once great together,
And writ Spanish Epistles one to another,
To exercise the Language.
Dutch. Did you so?
It shall be a bold Letter of temptation
With his name to't, as writ, and sent to me.
Lact. Can be no better Lady; stick there Madam,
Ank never seek further.
Dutch. Begin thus: Fair Dutchess, say:
We must use flattery, if we imitate man,
'Twill nev'r be thought his Pen else.
Lact. Most fair Dutchess.
Dutch. What need you have put in most, yet since 'tis in,
Let 't ev'n go on, few women would finde fault with't;

We

We all love to be beſt, but ſeldom mend:
Go on Sir.

Lact Moſt fair Dutcheſs! Here's an admiration point.

Dutch. The report of your vow ſhall not fear me.

Lact. Fear me: Two ſtops at fear me.

Dutch. I know y'are but a woman.

Lact. But a woman; a comma at woman.

Dutch. And what a woman is, a wiſeman knows.

Lact. Wiſe-man knows: A Full-prick there.

Dutch. Perhaps my condition may ſeem blunt to you.

Lact. Blunt to you: A comma here again.

Dutch. But no mans love can be more ſharp ſet.

Lact. Sharp ſet, there a colon; for colon is ſharp ſet oftentimes.

Dutch. And I know deſires in both ſexes have skill at that weapon.

Lact. Skill at that weapon: A Full-prick here, at weapon.

Dutch. So, that will be enough: Subſcribe it thus now.

One that vows ſervice to your affections: Seignior ſuch a one.

Lact. Seignior *Andrugio*: *G.* that ſtands for General.

Dutch. And you ſhall ſtand for Gooſe-cap: Give me that,

Betake you to your buſineſs; ſpeedily Sir,
We give you full authority from our perſon,
In right of Reputation, Truth, and Honor,
To take a ſtrong Guard, and attach his body.
That done, to bring him preſently before us,
Then we know what to do.

Lact.

Lact. My hate findes wings,
Mans ſpirit flies ſwift to all revengeful things. *Exit.*

Dutch. Why here's the happineſs of my deſires,
The means ſafe, unſuſpected, far from thought;
His ſtate is like the world's condition right,
Greedy of gain, either by fraud or ſtealth;
And whil'ſt one toils, another gets the wealth.
Exit.

Act. 4. Scæn. 1.

Enter Andrugio.

Andr. NOw Fortune ſhew thy ſelf the Friend of Love,
Make her way plain, and ſafe; caſt all their eyes
That guard the Caſtle, into a thicker blindneſs then thine own,
Darker then Ignorance or Idolatry,
That in that ſhape, my love may paſs unknown,
And by her freedom, ſet my comforts free.
This is the place appointed for our meeting,
Yet comes ſhe, I am coveteous of her ſight;
That Gipſey habit alters her ſo far
From knowledge that our purpoſe cannot erre;
She might have been here now, by this time largely
And much to ſpare: I would not miſs her now
In this plight, for the loſs of a years joy.
She's ignorant of this houſe, nor knows ſhe where,
Or which way to beſtow her ſelf through fear.

Enter

Enter Lactantio *With a Guard.*

Lact. Cloſe with him Gentlemen. In the Dutcheſs name
We do attach your body.
Andr. How, my body!
What means this rudeneſs?
Lact. You adde to your offences,
Calling that rudeneſs, that is fair command,
Immaculate Juſtice, and the Dutcheſs pleaſure.
Andr. Seignior *Lactantio*, Oh are you the Speaker?
Lact. I am what I am made.
Andr. Shew me my crime.
Lact. I fear you'll have too many ſhewn you Sir.
Andr. The Father of untruths poſſeſſes thy ſpirit,
As he commands thy tongue: I defie fear,
But in my love, it onely ſettles there.
Lact. Bring him along.
Andr. Let Laws ſevereſt browe
Bend at my deeds, my innocence ſhall riſe
A ſhame to thee, and all my enemies:
Lact. Y'are much the happier man.
Andr. Oh my hard croſſes;
Grant me the third part of one hours ſtay.
Lact. Sir, not a minute.
Andr. Oh ſhe's loſt.
Lact. Away. *Exeunt:*

Scæn. 2. *Enter* Aurelia *like a Gipſey.*

Aur. I'm happily eſcap'd, not one purſues me,
This ſhape's too cunning for 'em; all the ſport was

The

The Porter would needs know his fortune of me
As I paſt by him: 'Twas ſuch a plunge to me,
I knew not how to bear my ſelf; at laſt
I did reſolve of ſomewhat, look'd in's hand,
Then ſhook my head, bad him make much on's eyes,
He would loſe his ſight clean, long before he dies;
And ſo away went I, he loſt the ſight of me quickly.
I told him his fortune truer for nothing, then ſome
Of my Complexion, that would have couzen'd him
of his money.
This is the place of meeting; where's this man now,
That has took all this care and pains for nothing?
The uſe of him is at the laſt caſt now,
Shall onely bring me to my former face again,
And ſee me ſomewhat cleanlier at his coſt,
And then farewel *Andrugio*; when I am handſome
I'm for another ſtraight: I wonder troth
That he would miſs me thus, I could have took
Many occaſions beſides this, to have left him,
I'm not in want, he need not give me any;
A womans will has ſtill enough to ſpare
To help her friends, and need be: What, not yet?
What will become of me in this ſhape then?
If I know where to go, I'm no diſſembler;
And I'll not loſe my part in one woman ſo,
For ſuch a triffle, to forſwear my ſelf.
But comes he not indeed?

Enter Dondolo.

Dond. Oh ex'lent, by this light here's one of them. I thank my Stars: I learnt that phraſe in the Half-Moon Tavern. By your leave good Gipſey, I pray how far off is your company?

Aur. Oh happineſs! This is the merry Fellow My love Seignior *Lactantio* takes delight in;

I'll

I'll ſend him away ſpeedily, with the news
Of my ſo ſtrange and fortunate eſcape,
And he'll provide my ſafety at an inſtant.
My friend, thou ſerv'ſt Seignior *Lactantio.*

Dond. Who I ſerve? Gipſey, I ſcorn your motion; and if the reſt of your company give me no better words, I will hinder 'em the ſtealing of more Pully then fifty Poulterers were ever worth, and prove a heavier enemy to all their Pig-booties; they ſhall travel like Jews, that hate Swines fleſh, and never get a Sowe by th'ear all their life time. I ſerve *Lactantio?* I ſcorn to ſerve any Body, I am more Gipſey-minded then ſo; though my face look of a Chriſtian colour, if my belly were ript up, you ſhall finde my heart as black as any patch about you. The truth is, I am as arrant a theif, as the proudeſt of your company, I'll except none: I am run away from my Maſter in the ſtate of a Fool, and till I be a perfect knave, I never mean to return again.

Aur. I'm nev'r the happier for this Fortune now,
It did but mock me.

Dond. Here they come: Here they come.

Enter a company of Gipſeys, Men and Women, with Booties of Hens, and Ducks, &c. ſinging.

Muſick.

SONG.

Cap. *Come my dainty Doxes,*
My Dells, my Dells moſt deer.
We have neither Houſe nor Land,
Yet never want good cheer.
All. *We never want good cheer.*

Cap. *We take no care for Candle, Rents,*
2: *We lie.*
3. *We ſnort.*
Cap. *We ſport in Tents.*
Then rouze betimes, and ſteal our dinners.
Our ſtore is never taken
Without Pigs, Hens, or Bacon,
And that's good meat for ſinners:
At Wakes and Fairs we cozen,
Poor Country folks by dozen,
If one have money, he diſburſes,
Whilſt ſome tell fortunes, ſome pick purſes:
Rather then be out of uſe
We'll ſteal Garters, Hoſe, or Shoes,
Boots, or Spurs with gingling Rowels,
Shirts or Napkins, Smocks or Towels.
Come live with us, come live with us,
All you that love your eaſes;
He that's a Gipſey,
May be drunk or tipſey,
At what hour he pleaſes.
All. *We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we ſcuffle.*
We cheat, we drab, we filtch, we ſhuffle.

Dond. Oh ſweet! they deſerve to be hang'd for raviſhing of me.
Aur. What will become of me, if I ſeem fearful now,
Or offer ſudden flight? then I betray my ſelf;
I muſt do neither.
Cap. Gipſ. *Ouſabel, camcheteroon, puſcatelion, howſ-drows.*
2: *Rumbos ſtragadelion*
Alla piskitch in Sowſ-clows.
Oh, Oh!

Dond.

Dond. *Piskitch in howſe-clout.*
I ſhall nev'r keep a good tongue in my head, till I get this Language.

Cap. *Umbra fill kevolliden, magro-pye.*

Dond. He calls her Magot o' pie.

Aur. I love your Language well, but underſtand it not.

Cap. *Hah.*

Aur. I am but lately turn'd to your profeſſion,
Yet from my youth, I ever lov'd it deerly,
But never could attain to't: Steal I can;
It was a thing I ever was brought up to,
My Father was a Miller, and my Mother
A Taylors widow.

Dond. She's a theif on both ſides.

Cap. Give me thy hand, thou art no Baſtard born,
We have not a more true bred theif amongſt us.

All. Not any Captain.

Dond. I pray take me into ſome grace amongſt you too, for though I claim no goodneſs from my parents to help me forward into your Society, I had two Uncles that were both hang'd for robberies, if that will ſerve your turn, and a brave cut-purſe to my Cozen-german: If kinred will be taken, I am as neer a kin to a theif as any of you that had Fathers and Mothers.

Cap. What is it thou requireſt, noble Cozen?

Dond. Cozen! nay, and we be ſo near a kin already, now we are ſober, we ſhall be ſworn Brothers when we are drunk: The naked truth is Sir, I would be made a Gipſey as faſt as you could deviſe.

Cap. A Gipſey!

Dond. I with all the ſpeed you can Sir; the very ſight of thoſe ſtoln Hens, eggs me forward horribly

Cap. Here's dainty Ducks too Boy.

Dond. I ſee 'em but too well; I would they were all rotten roſted, and ſtuft with Onions.

Cap. Lov'ſt thou the common food of *Eygpt*, Onions?

Dond. I, and Garlick too: I have ſmelt out many a Knave by't; but I could never ſmell mine own breath yet, and that's many a mans fault; he can ſmell out a Knave in another ſometimes three yards off, yet his Noſe ſtanding ſo nigh his mouth, he can never ſmell out himſelf.

Cap. A pregnant Gipſey.

All. A moſt witty ſinner.

Cap. Stretch forth thy hand Coz; art thou fortunate?

Dond. How? fortunate! nay, I cannot tell that my ſelf; wherefore do I come to you but to learn that? I have ſometimes found money in old ſhooes, but if I had not ſtoln more then I have found, I had had but a ſcurvy thin-cheek'd fortune on't.

Cap. Here's a fair Table.

Dond. I, ſo has many a man, that has given over houſe-keeping, a fair Table, when there's neither cloth, nor meat upon't.

Cap. What a brave line of life's here, look you Gipſeys.

Dond. I have known as brave a live end in a halter.

Cap. But thou art born to pretious fortune.

Dond. The Devil I am.

Cap. *Bette, Bucketto.*

Dond. How, to beat Bucks?

Cap. *Stealee Bacono.*

Dond. Oh, to ſteal Bacon, that's the better fortune o'th' two indeed.

Cap. Thou wilt be ſhortly Captain of the Gipſeys.

Dond.

Dond. I would you'ld make me Corporal i'th' mean time;
Or Standard-bearer to the Womens Regiment.

Cap. Much may be done for love.

Dond. Nay here's ſome money: I know an Office comes not all for love; a Pox of your Lime-twigs, you hav't all already.

Cap. It lies but here in caſh for thine own uſe Boy.

Dond. Nay an't lie there once, I ſhall hardly come to the fingring on't in haſte; yet make me an apt Scholler, and I care not: Teach me but ſo much Gipſey, to ſteal as much more from another, and the Devil do you good of that.

Cap. Thou ſhalt have all thy heart requires:
Firſt, here's a Girl for thy deſires,
This Doxey freſh, this new come Dell
Shall lie by thy ſweet ſide and ſwell:
Get me Gipſeys brave and tauny;
With Cheek full plump, and Hip full brauny.
Look you prove induſtrious dealers
To ſerve the Commonwealth with ſtealers,
That th'unhous'd race of Fortune-tellers
May never fail to cheat Town-dwellers;
Or to our univerſal grief,
Leave Country Fairs without a Theif.
This is all you have to do,
Save ev'ry hour a filch or two,
Be it money, cloth or pullen,
When the ev'nings browe looks ſullen.
Looſe no time, for then 'tis pretious,
Let your ſleights be fine, facetious;
Which hoping you'll obſerve, to try thee
With ruſty Bacon, thus I Gipſifie thee.

Dond. Do you uſe to do't with Bacon?

Cap. Evermore:

Dond. By this light, the Rats will take me now for ſome Hogs Cheek, and eat up my face when I am aſleep; I ſhall have nev'r a bit left by to morrow morning; and lying open mouth'd as I uſe to do, I ſhall look for all the world like a Mouſe-trap baited with Bacon.

Cap. Why here's a face like thine, ſo done,
Onely grain'd in by the Sun, and this, and theſe.

Dond. Faith, then there's a company of Bacon faces of you, and I am one now to make up the number: We are a kinde of conſcionable people, and 'twere well thought upon for to ſteal Bacon, and black our faces with't; Tis like one that commits ſin, and writes his faults in his forehead.

Cap. Wit whether wilt thou?

Dond Marry to the next pocket I can come at; and if it be a Gentlemans, I wiſh a whole quarters rent in't: Is this my in dock, out nettle. What's Gipſey for her?

Cap. Your doxey ſhe.

Dond. Oh right, are you my doxey ſirra.

Anr. I'll be thy doxey, and thy dell,
With thee I'll live, for thee I'll ſteal:
From Fair to Fair, from Wake to Wake,
I'll ramble ſtill for thy ſweet ſake.

Dond. Oh dainty fine doxey; ſhe ſpeaks the Language as familiarly already, as if ſh'ad been begot of a Canter. I pray Captain, what's gipſey for the hind quarter of a Woman?

Cap. Noſario.

Dond Noſario: Why what's gipſey for my Noſe then?

Cap. Why *Arſinio.*

Dond. Arſinio? Faith 'me thinks you might have deviſed a ſweeter word for't.

Enter

Enter Father and Governor.

Cap. Stop, ſtop, freſh booties, Gentle folks, Seignioroes,
Calavario, Fulkadelio.
2 Gip. Lagnambrol a tumbrel.
Dond. How: Give me one word amongſt you, that I may be doing too.
Aur. Yonder they are again, Oh guiltineſs,
Thou put'ſt more trembling fear into a Maid
Then the firſt wedding night. Take courage wench
Thy face cannot betray thee with a bluſh now.
Fath. Which way ſhe took her flight Sir, none can gheſs,
Or how ſhe ſcap'd:
Govern. Out at ſome Window certainly.
Fath. Oh 'tis a bold daring Baggage.
Govern. See good fortune Sir,
The Gipſeys, they're the cunningſt people living.
Fath. They cunning? what a confidence have you Sir,
No wiſeman's faith was ever ſet in fortunes.
Govern. You are the wilfulſt man againſt all learning ſtill:
I will be hang'd now, if I hear not news of her amongſt this company.
Fath. You are a Gentleman of the flatt'ring'ſt hopes
That ev'r loſt woman yet.
Govern. Come hither Gipſey.
Aur. Luck now, or I'm undone, —What ſays my Maſter,
Bleſs me with a ſilver croſs,
And I will tell you all your loſs.
Govern. Lo you there Sir, all my loſs, at firſt word too,

There is no cunning in theſe Gipſeys now.

Fath Sure I'll hear more of this.

Govern. Here's ſilver for you.

Aur. Now attend your fortunes ſtory,
You lov'd a Maid.

Govern. Right.

Aur. She never lov'd you.
You ſhall finde my words are true.

Govern. 'Maſs I am afraid ſo,

Aur. You were about
To keep her in, but could not do't.
Alas the while ſhe would not ſtay
The cough o'th' Lungs blew her away;
And which is worſe, you'll be ſo croſt,
You'll never finde the thing that's loſt;
Yet oftentimes your ſight will fear her,
She'll be near you, and yet you nev'r the nearer:
Let her go, and be the gladder;
She'ld but ſhame you, if you had her.
Ten Counſellors could never ſchool her,
She'is ſo wilde, you could not rule her.

Govern. In troth I am of thy minde, yet I'ld fain finde her.

Aur. Sooneſt then, when you leaſt minde her;
But if you mean to take her tripping,
Make but haſte, ſhe's now a ſhipping.

Govern. I ever dreamed ſo much.

Fath. Hie to the Key,
We'll mar your voyage, you ſhall brook no Sea.

Exit Father and Governor.

Cap. Cheteroon: High Gulleroon.

Dond. Filcheroon, purſſe-ſulleroon: I can ſay ſomewhat too.

All. Excellent Gipſey, witty rare Doxey.

Dond. I would not change my Dell for a dozen of black Bell-weathers.

Cap.

Cap. Our wealth ſwells high my Boys.
Dond. Our wealth ſwells high my Boys.
Cap. Let ev'ry Gipſey
Dance with his Doxey,
And then drink, drink for joy.
Dond. Let ev'ry Gipſey
Dance with his Doxey,
And then drink, drink for joy:
All. And then drink, drink for joy. *Exit with a ſtrange wilde faſhion'd dance to the Hoboys or Cornets.*

Scæn 3. *Enter Dutcheſs, Lord Cardinal, and other Lords,* Celia.

L. Card. That which is meerly call'd a will in woman,
I cannot always title it with a vertue.
Dutch. Oh good Sir ſpare me.
L. Card. Spare your ſelf, good Madam,
Extreameſt Juſtice is not ſo ſevere
To great offenders, as your own forc'd ſtrictneſs
To beauty, youth and time; you'll anſwer for't.
Dutch. Sir ſettle your own peace, let me make mine.
L. Card. But here's a heart muſt pity it, when it thinks on't,
I finde compaſſion, though the ſmart be yours.
1 *Lord.* None here but do's the like.
2 *Lord.* Believe it Madam,
You have much wrong'd your time.
1 *Lord.* Nay, let your Grace
But think upon the barrenneſs of ſucceſſion.
2 *Lord.* Nay more, a Vow enforc'd.
Dutch. What do you all
Forſake me then, and take part with yon man;
Not one friend have I left! do they all fight

Under

Under th'inglorious banner of his cenſure,
Serve under his opinion?

L. Card. So will all Madam,
Whoſe judgments can but taſte a rightful cauſe,
I look for more force yet; nay, your own women
Will ſhortly riſe againſt you, when they know
The war to be ſo juſt and honorable
As marriage is: You cannot name that woman,
Will not come ready arm'd for ſuch a cauſe:
Can Chaſtity be any whit impair'd
By that which makes it perfect? Anſwer Madam,
Do you profeſs conſtancy, and yet live alone?
How can that hold! y'are conſtant then to none.
That's a dead vertue, goodneſs muſt have practice,
Or elſe it ceaſes; then is woman ſaid
To be love chaſte, knowing but one mans bed:
A mighty vertue; beſide, fruitfulneſs
Is part of the ſalvation of your ſex;
And the true uſe of Wedlocks time and ſpace,
Is womans exerciſe for Faith and Grace.

Dutch. Oh what have you done my Lord?

L. Card. Laid the way plain
To knowledge of your ſelf and your Creation,
Unbound a forced Vow, that was but knit
By the ſtrange jealouſie of your dying Lord,
Sinful i'th' faſtning.

Dutch. All the powres of Conſtancy
Will curſe you for this deed.

L. Card. You ſpeak in pain Madam,
And ſo I take your words, like one in ſickneſs
That rails at his beſt friend: I know a change
Of diſpoſition has a violent working
In all of us; 'tis fit it ſhould have time
And councel with it ſelf: May you be fruitful Madam
In all the bleſſings of an honor'd love.

1 *Lord.* In all your wiſhes fortunate, and I
The cheif of 'em my ſelf.
L. Card. Peace be at your heart Lady.
1 *Lord.* And love, ſay I:
L. Card. We'll leave good thoughts now, to bring in themſelves. *Exit Lords.*
Dutch. O there's no art like a religious cunning,
It carries away all things ſmooth before it.
How ſubtilly has his wit dealt with the Lords
To fetch in their perſwaſions, to a buſineſs
That ſtands in need of none, yeilds of it ſelf
As moſt we women do, when we ſeem fartheſt?
But little thinks the Cardinal he's requited
After the ſame proportion of deceit
As he ſets down for others.

Enter Page.

Oh here's the pretty Boy, he preferr'd to me,
I never ſaw a meeker, gentler youth
Yet made for mans beginning: How unfit
Was that poor fool, to be *Lactantio's* Page,
He would have ſpoil'd him quite, in one year utterly,
There had been no hope of him. Come hither childe,
I have forgot thy name.
Page. Antonio, Madam.
Dutch. Antonio! ſo thou toldſt me; I muſt chide thee,
Why didſt thou weep, when thou cam'ſt firſt to ſerve me?
Page. At the diſtruſt of mine own merits Madam,
Knowing I was not born to thoſe deſerts
To pleaſe ſo great a Miſtreſs.
Dutch. 'Las poor Boy,

That's

That's nothing in thee, but thy modeſt fear
Which makes amends faſter then thou canſt erre:
It ſhall be my care to have him well brought up
As a youth apt for good things. *Celia* ——

Cel. Madam.

Dutch. Has he beſtow'd his hour to day for Muſick?

Cel Yes, he has Madam.

Dutch. How do you finde his voice?

Cel. A pretty womaniſh faint ſprawling voice Madam,
But 'twill grow ſtrong in time, if he take care
To keep it when he has it from fond exerciſes.

Dutch. Give order to the dancing School-maſter,
Obſerve an hour with him:

Cel. It ſhall be done Lady;
He is well made for dancing, thick i'th' Cheſt Madam,
He will turn long and ſtrongly.

Dutch. He ſhall not be behinde a quality,
That aptneſs in him or our coſt can purchaſe,
And ſee he loſe no time.

Cel. I'll take that order Madam.

Page. Singing and dancing! 'las my caſe is worſe,
I rather need a Midwife, and a Nurſe.

Exit Celia *and Page.*

Dutch *Lactantio*, my procurer not return'd yet?
His malice, I have fitted with an office,
Which he takes pleaſure to diſcharge with rigor:
He comes, and with him, my hearts Conqueror,
My pleaſing thraldom's near.

Enter General, Lactantio *and the Guard.*

Andr. Not know the cauſe?

Lact. Yes, you ſhall ſoon do that now, to the ruine

Of your neck-part, or ſome nine years impriſonment,
You meet with mercy, and you ſcape with that;
Beſide your Lands all begg'd and ſeis'd upon;
That's admirable favor. Here's the Dutcheſs.
Dutch. Oh Sir y'are welcome.
Lact. Marry bleſs me ſtill
From ſuch a welcome.
Dutch. You are hard to come by,
It ſeems Sir by the guilt of your long ſtay.
Andr. My guilt good Madam.
Dutch. Sure y'had much ado
To take him, had you not? ſpeak truth *Lactantio*,
And leave all favor, were you not in danger?
Lact. Faith ſomething neer it Madam: He grew head-ſtrong,
Furious and fierce; but 'tis not my condition
To ſpeak the worſt things of mine enemy Madam,
Therein I hold mine honor: But had fury
Burſt into all the violent ſtorms that ever
Plaid over anger in tempeſtuous man.
I would have brought him to your Graces preſence,
Dead or alive.
Dutch. You would not Sir?
Andr. What pride
Of pamper'd blood has mounted up to this puckfoiſt?
If any way uncounſel'd of my judgment,
My ignorance has ſtept into ſome error,
(Which I could heart'ly curſe) and ſo brought on me
Your great diſpleaſure, let me feel my ſin
In the full weight of Juſtice, vertuous Madam,
And let it wake me throughly. But chaſte Lady,
Out of the bounty of your Grace, permit not
This perfum'd parcel of curl'd powder'd hair
To caſt me in the poor reliſh of his cenſure.

Dutch.

Dutch. It ſhall not need good Sir; we are our ſelf
Of power ſufficient to judge you, nev'r doubt it Sir.
Withdraw *Lactantio*; carefully place your Guard
I'th' next Room.
Lact. You'll but fare the worſe;
You ſee your niceneſs ſpoils you; you'll go nigh now
To feel your ſin indeed. *Exit* Lactantio *and Guard:*
Andr. Hell-mouth be with thee.
Was ever malice ſeen yet to gape wider
For mans misfortunes?
Dutch. Firſt Sir, I ſhould think
You could not be ſo impudent to deny,
What your own knowledge proves to you.
Andr. That were a ſin Madam,
More groſs then flattery ſpent upon a villain.
Dutch. Your own confeſſion dooms you Sir.
Andr. Why Madam.
Dutch. Do not you know I made a ſerious vow
At my Lords death, never to marry more?
Andr. That's a truth Madam, I'm a witneſs to.
Dutch. Is't ſo Sir? you'll be taken preſently,
This man needs no accuſer. Knowing ſo much,
How durſt you then attempt ſo bold a buſineſs
As to ſollicite me (ſo ſtrictly ſetled)
With tempting Letters, and looſe lines of love?
Andr. Who I do't Madam?
Dutch. Sure the man will ſhortly
Deny he lives, although he walks and breath.
Andr. Better deſtruction ſnatch me quick from ſight
Of humane eyes, then I ſhould ſin ſo boldly.
Dutch. 'Twas well I kept it then from rage or fire,
For my truths credit: Look you Sir, read out,

You

You know the hand and name:

Andr. *Andrugio* !

Dutch. And if ſuch things be fit, the world ſhall judge !

Andr. Madam.

Dutch. Piſh ; that's not ſo ; it begins otherwiſe Pray look again Sir ; how you'ld ſlight your knowledge.

Andr. By all the reputation I late won.

Dutch. Nay, and you dare not read Sir, I am gone.

Andr. Read ? moſt fair Dutcheſs.

Dutch. Oh, have you found it now ?

There's a ſweet flatt'ring phraſe for a beginning,
You thought belike, that would o'rcome me.

Andr. I Madam ?

Dutch. Nay on Sir, you are ſlothful.

Andr. The report of your Vow ſhall not fear me.

Dutch. No ? are you ſo reſolute ? 'Tis well for you Sir:

Andr. I know y'are but a woman.

Dutch. Well, what then Sir ?

Andr. And what a woman is, a wiſeman knows.

Dutch. Let him know what he can, he's glad to get us.

Andr. Perhaps my condition may ſeem blunt to you.

Dutch. Well ; we finde no fault with your bluntneſs.

Andr. But no mans love can be more ſharp ſet.

Dutch. I there's good ſtuff now.

Andr. And I know deſires in both ſexes have skill at that weapon.

Dutch. Weapon ! You begin like a Flatterer, and end like a Fencer.

Are theſe fit lines now to be ſent to us ?

Andr. Now by the honor of a man, his truth Madam,
My name's abus'd.
Dutch. Fie, fie, deny your hand!
I will not deny mine; here take it freely Sir,
And with it my true conſtant heart for ever.
I never diſgrac'd man that ſought my favor.
Andr. What mean you Madam?
Dutch. To requite you Sir
By curteſie, I hold my reputation,
And you ſhall taſte it: Sir, in as plain truth
As the old time walk'd in, when love was ſimple
And knew no art, nor guile, I affect you;
My heart has made her choice. I love you Sir
Above my vow; the frown that met you firſt,
Wore not the livery of anger Sir,
But of deep policy: I made your enemy
The Inſtrument for all; there you may praiſe me,
And 'twill not be ill given.
Andr. Here's a ſtrange Language!
The conſtancy of love bleſs me from learning on't,
Although ambition would ſoon teach it others.
Madam, the ſervice of whole life is yours. But——
Dutch. Enough; thou'rt mine for ever. Within there.

Enter Lactantio, *and the Guard.*

Lact. Madam.
Dutch. Lay hands upon him, bear him hence,
See he be kept cloſe priſoner in our Pallace,
The time's not yet ripe for our Nuptial Sollace. *Exit.*
Lact. This you could clear your ſelf.
Andr. There's a voice that wearies me
More then mine own diſtractions.
Lact. You are innocent?

Andr:

Andr: I have not a time idle enough from paſſion,
To give this Devil an anſwer: Oh ſhe's loſt!
Curſt be that love, by which a better's croſt.
There my heart's ſetled.
Lact. How is he diſgrac'd,
And I advanc'd in love? Faith he that can
Wiſh more to his enemy, is a ſpightful man,
And worthy to be puniſh'd. *Exeunt.*

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter Page, Celia, *and Crotchet.*

Cel. SIr I'm of that opinion, being kept hard to't,
In troth I think he'll take his prick-ſong well.
Crotch. G, ſol, re ut; you gheſs not right y'faith.
Miſtreſs, you'll finde y'are in an error ſtraight:
Come on Sir, lay the Books down; you ſhall ſee now:
Page. Would I'd an honeſt Caudle next my heart,
Let whoſe would *Sol Fa*, I'ld give them my part.
In troth methinks I have a great longing in me
To bite a peece of the Muſitians Noſe off;
But I'll rather loſe my longing, then ſpoil the poor mans
Singing; the very tip will ſerve my turn, methinks if I
Could get it, that he might well ſpare; his Noſe is of
The longeſt—— Oh my back.
Crotch. You ſhall hear that; rehearſe your Gamot Boy:

Page. Who'ld be thus toild for love, and want the joy?

Crotch. Why when? begin Sir: I muſt ſtay your leiſure.

Page. Gamot, a re, b me, &c:

Crotch. Ee la: Aloft, above the clouds my Boy.

Page: It muſt be a better note then *Ela* Sir,
That brings Muſitians thither; they're too haſty,
The moſt part of 'em, to take ſuch a journey,
And muſt needs fall by th' way.

Crotch. How many Cliffs be there?

Page. One Cliff Sir.

Crotch. Oh intolerable heretick
To voice and muſick! Do you know but one Cliff?

Page. No more; indeed I Sir, and at this time,
I know too much of that.

Crotch. How many Notes be there?

Page. Eight Sir, I fear me I ſhall finde nine ſhortly,
To my great ſhame and ſorrow: ——Oh my ſtomach!

Crotch. Will you repeat your notes then? I muſt *Sol Fa* you, why when Sir?

Page. A large, a long, a brief, a ſemibrief, a minom, a crotchet,
A quaver, a ſemiquaver:

Crotch. Oh, have you found the way?

Page. Never truſt me
If I have not loſt my wind with naming of 'em.

Crotch. Come Boy, your mindes upon ſome other thing now:
Set to your Song.

Page. Was ever Wench ſo puniſh'd?

Crotch. Ut. Come begin.

Page. Ut mere fa ſol la.

Crotch.

Crotch. Keep time you fooliſh Boy —— (Here they ſing Prickſong)
How like you this *Madova?*
Celia. Pretty,
He will do well in time, being kept under.
Crotch. I'll make his ears ſore, and his knuckles ake elſe.
Cel. And that's the way to bring a Boy to goodneſs Sir.
Crotch. There's many now waxt proper Gentlemen,
Whom I have nipt i'th' ear Wench, that's my comfort.
Come ſing me over the laſt ſong I taught you:
Y'are perfect in that ſure, look you keep time well,
Or here I'll notch your faults up. *Sol, Sol,* begin Boy. *Muſick, Song.*
Cel. So y'have done well Sir:
Here comes the dancing Maſter now, y'are diſcharg'd.

Enter Sinquapace *the Dancer.*

Sinq. Oh Seignior *Crotchet*, Oh.
Crotch. A minom reſt, two cliffs, and a ſemibrief. In the name
Of *Alamire*, what's the matter Sir?
Sinq. The horribleſt diſaſter that ever diſgrac'd the lofty cunning of a dancer.
Crotch. Befa beme: Heaven forbid man.
Sinq. Oh——oo——the moſt cruel Fortune!
Crotch. That ſemiquaver is no friend to you,
That I muſt tell you; 'tis not for a Dancer
To put his voice ſo hard to't, every workman
Muſt uſe his own tools Sir, *de fa ſol* man, dilate
The matter to me.

Sinq. Faith riding upon my Foot-cloth, as I uſe to do, coming through a croud by chance, I let fall my Fiddle.

Crotch. De ſol re. Your Fiddle Sir?

Sinq. Oh that ſuch an inſtrument ſhould be made to betray a poor Gentleman! nay, which is more lamentable, whoſe luck ſhould it be to take up this unfortunate Fiddle, but a Barbers Prentice, who cryed out preſently, according to his nature; You trim Gentleman on Horſback, y'have loſt your Fiddle, your worſhips Fiddle; ſeeing me upon my Foot-cloth, the mannerly Cockſcomb could ſay no leſs. But away rid I Sir, put my horſe to a caranto pace, and left my Fiddle behinde me:

Crotch. De la ſol re.

Sinq. I, was't not a ſtrange fortune, an excellent Treble-vial, by my Troth 'twas my Maſters, when I was but a pumper, that is a puller on of Gentlemens Pumps.

Crotch. C, c, ſol fa: I knew you then Sir.

Sinq. But I make no queſtion, but I ſhall hear on't ſhortly at one Brokers or another, for I know the Barber will ſcourſe it away for ſome old Cittron.

Crotch. Ela me, my life for yours on that Sir; I muſt to my other
Schollers, my hour calls me away: I leave you to your
Practiſe, *Fa ſol la.* Fare you well Sir: *Exit.*

Sinq The Lavolto's of a merry heart be with you Sir; and a merry heart makes a good ſinging man; a man may love to hear himſelf talk, when he carries pith in's mouth— *Metereza Celia.*

Cel. Seignior *Sinquapace,* the welcom'ſt Gentleman alive of
A Dancer. This is the youth, he can do little yet;
'Tis Prickſong very poorly; he is one

Muſt

Muſt have it put into him; ſomewhat dull Sir.

Sinq. As you are all at firſt. You know 'twas long
Ere you could learn your doubles.

Cel. I that's true Sir,
But I can tickl't now. *Fa, la, la &c.*
Lo you, how like you me now Sir?

Sinq. Marry pray for the Founder, here he ſtands; long may he live to receive quarrridges, go brave, and pay his Mercer wondrous duly, I, and his jealous Laundreſs, that for the love ſhe bears him ſtarches yellow, poor Soul; my own fleſh knows I wrong her not. Come *Metereza*, once more ſhake your great hips, and your little heels, ſince you begin to fall in of your ſelf, and dance over the end of the caranto I taught you laſt night.

Cel. The tune's clear out of my head Sir.

Sinq. A Pox of my little Uſher, how long he ſtayes too with the ſecond part of the former Fiddle! Come, I'll *Sol fa* it, i'th' mean time, *Fa, la, la, la, &c.* perfectly excellent. I will make you fit to dance with the beſt Chriſtian Gentleman in *Europe*, and keep time with him for his heart, ere I give you over.

Cel. Nay, I know I ſhall do well Sir, and I am ſomewhat proud on't,
But 'twas my Mothers fault, when ſhe danced with the Duke of *Florence*.

Sinq. Why you'll never dance well, while you live, if you be not proud. I know that by my ſelf; I may teach my heart out, if you have not the grace to follow me.

Cel. I warrant you for that Sir:

Sinq. Gentlewomen that are good Schollers
Will come as near their Maſters, as they can;
I have known ſome lye with 'em for their better underſtanding:

derſtanding, I ſpeak not this to draw you on forſooth; uſe your pleaſure, if you come y'are welcome, you ſhall ſee a fine lodging, a diſh of Comfits, Muſick, and ſweet Linnen.

Cel. And truſt me Sir, no woman can wiſh more in this world,
Unleſs it be ten pound i'th' Chamber window,
Laid ready in good gold againſt ſhe riſes.

Sing. Thoſe things are got in a morning Wench with me.

Cel. Indeed, I hold the morning the beſt time of getting;
So ſays my Siſter; ſhe's a Lawyers wife Sir,
And ſhould know what belongs to caſes beſt:
A fitter time for this; I muſt not talk
Too long of womens matters before Boys.
He's very raw, you muſt take pains with him,
It is the Dutcheſs minde it ſhould be ſo; ſhe loves him
Well I tell you—— *Exit.*

Sing. How, love him? he's too little for any womans love i'th' Town, by three handfuls: I wonder of a great woman, ſh'as no more wit y'faith; one of my pitch were ſomewhat tolerable.

Enter Uſher.

Oh are you come! who would be thus plagued with a Dandiprat Uſher! how many kicks do you deſerve in conſcience?

Uſher. Your Horſe is ſafe Sir.

Sing. Now I talk't of kicking, 'twas well remembred, is not the Footcloth ſtoln yet?

Uſher. More by good hap then any cunning Sir: Would any Gentleman but you, get a Tailors ſon to walk his Horſe, in this dear time of black Velvet?

Sing.

Sinq. Troth thou ſaiſt true ; thy care has got thy pardon ; I'll venture ſo no more. Come my yong Scholler, I am ready for you now.

Page. Alas 'twill kill me,
I'm even as full of qualms as heart can bear :
How ſhall I do to hold up ? Alas Sir
I can dance nothing but ill-favor'dly,
A ſtrain or two of *Paſſa-Meaſures* Galliard.

Sinq. Marry y'are forwarder then I conceiv'd you,
A toward Stripling ; enter him *Nicholao*,
For the fool's baſhful, as they are all at firſt
Till they be once well entred.

Uſher. Paſſa-Meaſures Sir ?

Sinq. I Sir, I hope you hear me ; mark him now Boy. *(Dance.)*
Ha well done, exc'llent Boys — Dainty fine Springals ;
The glory of Dancers Hall, if they had any ;
And of all Profeſſions, they had moſt need of one
For room to practiſe in, yet they have none.
O times ! O manners ! you have very little.
Why ſhould the leaden heel'd Plumber have his Hall,
And the light-footed Dancer none at all ?
But Fortune *de la guardo*, things muſt be ;
W're born to teach in Back-houſes and Nooks,
Garrets ſometimes, where't rains upon our Books.
Come on Sir, are you ready ? firſt your honor.

Page. I'll wiſh no ſo, a greater croſs upon her.

Sinq. Curtſey, heiday ! Run to him *Nicholao*, by this light he will ſhame me ; he makes curtſey like a Chamber-maid.

Uſher. Why what do you mean Page ! are you mad ? did you ever ſee a Boy begin a Dance, and make curtſey like a Wench before ?

Page. Troth I was thinking of another thing ;
And quite forgot my ſelf, I pray forgive me Sir.

Sinq. Come make amends then now with a good leg, and dance it ſprightly : What a beaſtly leg has he made there now, 'twould vex ones heart out : Now begin Boy, Oh, oh, oh, oh, *&c.* open thy Knees, wider, wider, wider, wider ; did you ever ſee a Boy dance clencht up, he needs a pick-lock ; out upon thee for an arrant Aſs, an arrant Aſs, I ſhall loſe my credit by thee, a peſt'lence on thee. Here Boy hold the Vial, let me come to him ; I ſhall get more diſgrace by this little Monkey now, then by all the Ladies that ever I taught. Come on Sir now ; caſt thy leg out from thee, lift it up aloft Boy ; a Pox, his knees are ſoader'd together, they're ſow'd together ; canſt not ſtride ? Oh I could eat thee up, I could eat thee up, and begin upon thy hinder quarter, thy hinder quarter : I ſhall never teach this Boy without a skrew, his knees muſt be opened with a Vice, or there's no good to be done upon him—— Who taught you to dance Boy ?

Page. It is but little Sir that I can do.

Sinq. No ; I'll be ſworn for you.

Page: And that Seignior *Laurentio* taught me Sir:

Sinq. Seignior *Laurentio* was an arrant Cockſcomb,
And fit to teach none but White-bakers children
To knead their knees together. You can turn above ground Boy ?

Page. Not I Sir ; my turns rather under-ground.

Sinq. We'll ſee what you can do, I love to try
What's in my Schollers, the firſt hour I teach them :
Shew him a cloſe trick now *Nicholao.*
Ha, dainty Stripling ! come Boy.

Page. 'Laſs not I Sir,
I am not for loſty tricks, indeed I am not Sir:

Sinq. How ; ſuch another word, down goes your Hoſe Boy.

Page.

Page. Alas 'tis time for me to do any thing then.

Sinq. Heyday he's down; is this your lofty trick Boy?

Uſher. O Maſter, the Boy ſwoons; he's dead I fear me.

Sinq. Dead! I nev'r knew one die with a lofty trick before.

Up Sirrah, up.

Page. A Midwife, run for a Midwife.

Sinq. A Midwife! By this light the Boy's with childe.

A miracle! Some Woman is the Father.
The World's turn'd upſide down, ſure if Men breed,
Women muſt get, one never could do both yet.
No marv'l you danc'd cloſe-knee'd the *Sinquapace:*
Put up my Fiddle, here's a ſtranger caſe ——

Exeunt Sinquapace and Page.

Uſher. That 'tis I'll ſwear; 'twill make the Dutcheſs wonder.

I fear me 'twill bring dancing out of requeſt,
And hinder our profeſſion for a time:
Your Women that are cloſely got with childe,
Will put themſelves clean out of exerciſe,
And will not venture now for fear of meeting
Their ſhames in a Caranto, ſpecially
If they be near their time: Well in my knowledge,
If that ſhould happen, we are ſure to loſe
Many a good Waiting-woman, that's now over ſhooes.
Alas the while—— *Exit.*

Scæn.

Scæn. 2. *Enter the Dutcheſs and* Celia.

Dutch. Thou tell'ſt me things are enemies to reaſon,
I cannot get my Faith to entertain 'em,
And I hope nev'r ſhall.
Cel. 'Tis too true Madam.
Dutch. I ſay 'tis falſe: 'Twere better th'hadſt been dumb,
Then ſpoke a truth s'unpleaſing; thou ſhalt get
But little praiſe by't: He whom we affect
To place his love upon ſo baſe a Creature!
Cel. Nay uglineſs it ſelf, you'ld ſay ſo Madam,
If you but ſaw her once, a ſtrowling Gipſey,
No Chriſtian that is born a Hinde could love her,
She's the Suns Maſter-peece for tawnineſs;
Yet have I ſeen *Andrugio's* arms about her,
Perceived his hollow whiſprings in her ear,
His joys at meeting her.
Dutch. What joy could that be?
Cel. Such Madam, I have ſeldom ſeen it equal'd;
He kiſt her with that greedineſs of affection,
As if his lips had been as red as yours.
I look'd ſtill when he would be black in mouth,
Like Boys with eating Hedg-berries: Nay, more Madam,
He brib'd one of his Keepers with ten Duckets
To finde her out amongſt a flight of Gipſeys.
Dutch. I'll have that Keeper hang'd, and you for malice,
She cannot be ſo bad as you report,
Whom he ſo firmly loves, you're falſe in much,
And I will have you try'd; go fetch her to us:
Exit Celia.
He cannot be himſelf, and appear guilty

Of ſuch groſs folly, has an eye of judgment,
And that will overlook him: This Wench fails
In underſtanding ſervice; ſhe muſt home,
Live at her houſe i'th' Country, ſhe decayes
In beauty and diſcretion: Who has't brought
there?

Enter Celia *and* Aurelia.

Cel. This is ſhe Madam.
Dutch. Youth and whiteneſs bleſs me,
It is not poſſible: He talk'd ſenſibly
Within this hour, this cannot be: How does he?
I fear me my reſtraint has made him mad.
Cel. His health is perfect, Madam.
Dutch. You are perfect
In falſhood ſtill, he's certainly diſtracted:
Though I'ld be loth to foul my words upon her,
She looks ſo beaſtly, yet I'll ask the queſtion,
Are you belov'd (ſweet face) of *Andrugio*?
Aur. Yes ſhowr'ly Miſtreſs, he done love me
'Bove all the Girls that ſhine above me.
Full often has he ſweetly kiſt me,
And wept as often when he miſt me:
Swore he was to marry none,
But me alone.
Dutch. Out on thee; marry thee? away with
her.
Clear mine eyes of her: *Exit Aurelia.*
A Curat that has got his place by Simony,
Is not half black enough to marry thee.
Surely the man's far ſpent, how ere he carries it,
He's without queſtion mad; but I nev'r knew
Man bear it better before company.
The love of Woman wears ſo thick a blindneſs,
It ſees no fault, but onely mans unkindneſs;

And

And that's ſo groſs, it may be felt: Here *Celia*
Take this; with ſpeed command *Andrugio* to us,
And his guard from him.

Cel It ſhall ſtrait be done Madam. *Exit.*

Dutch. I'll look into his carriage more judiciouſly,
When I next get him. A wrong done to Beauty,
Is greater then an injury done to Love,
And we'll leſs pardon it; for had it been
A creature who'e perfection had out-ſhin'd me,
It had been honorable judgment in him,
And to my peace a noble ſatisfaction:
But as it is, 'tis monſtrous above folly!
Look he be mad indeed, and throughly gone,
Or he pays deerly for't: 'Tis not
The ordinary madneſs of a Gentleman,
That ſhall excuſe him here; 'had better loſe
His wits eternally, then loſe my Grace:
So ſtrange is the condition of his fall,
He's ſafe in nothing, but in loſs of all.

Enter Andrugio.

He comes: Now by the Fruits of all my hopes,
A man that has his wits, cannot look better;
It likes me well enough, there's life in's eye,
And civil health in's Cheek; he ſtands with judgment,
And bears his body well: What ails this man?
Sure I durſt venture him 'mongſt a thouſand Ladies.
Let 'em ſhoot all their ſcoffs, which makes none laugh
But their own Waiting-women, and they dare do no otherwiſe.
Come neerer Sir: I pray keep further off,
Now I remember you.

Andr.

Andr. What new trick's in this now?
Dutch. How long have you been mad Sir?
Andr. Mad! a great time Lady;
Since I firſt knew I ſhould not ſin, yet ſin'd;
That's now ſome thirty years; By'r Lady upwards.
Dutch This man ſpeaks reaſon, wondrous feelingly,
Enough to teach the rudeſt Soul good manners.
You cannot be excus'd with lightneſs now,
Or frantick fits; y're able to inſtruct Sir,
And be a light to men. If you have errors,
They be not ignorant in you, but wilful,
And in that ſtate I ſeiſe on 'em. Did I
Bring thee acquainted lately with my heart!
And when thou thought'ſt a ſtorm of anger took thee,
It in a moment clear'd up all to love,
To the abuſing of thy ſpiteful enemy
That ſought to fix his malice upon thee,
And couldſt thou ſo requite me?
Andr. How! good Madam.
Dutch. To wrong all worth in man, to deal ſo baſely
Upon contempt it ſelf, diſdain and loathſomneſs;
A thing whoſe face through ſuglineſs frights children;
A ſtragling Gipſey!
Andr. See how you may erre, Madam,
Through wrongful information; by my hopes
Of truth and mercy, there is no ſuch love
Beſtow'd upon a creature ſo unworthy.
Dutch. No, then you cannot flie me; fetch her back:
And though the ſight of her diſpleaſe mine eye
Worſe then th'offenſiv'ſt object, Earth and Nature
Can preſent to us; yet for truths probation,
We will endur't contentfully: What now
Art thou return'd without her?

Enter

Enter Celia *and* Aurelia.

Andr. No Madam: This is ſhe my peace dwells in,
If here be either baſeneſs of diſcent,
Rudeneſs of manners or deformity
In face or faſhion, I have loſt, I'll yeild it;
Tax me ſeverely Madam.
Dutch. How thou ſtandſt,
As dumb as the Salt-pillar; where's this Gipſey?
What no? I cannot blame thee then for ſilence.
Now I'm confounded too, and take part with thee.
Aur. Your pardon, and your pity, vertuous Madam.
Cruel reſtraint joyn'd with the power of love,
Taught me that art, in that diſguiſe I 'ſcap'd
The hardneſs of my Fortunes; you that ſee
What loves force is, good Madam pity me.
Andr. Your Grace has ever been the friend of truth;
And here 'tis ſet before you.
Dutch. I confeſs
I have no wrong at all; ſhe's yonger, fairer.
He has not now diſhonor'd me in choice,
I much commend his noble care and judgment.
'Twas a juſt croſs led in by a temptation,
For offering but to part from my dear Vow,
And I'll embrace it cheerfully: Riſe both,
The joys of faithful marriage bleſs your ſouls,
I will not part you.
Andr. Vertues crown be yours Madam.

Enter Lactantio.

Aur. Oh there appears the life of all my wiſhes;

Is

Is your Grace pleas'd out of your bounteous goodneſs
To a poor Virgins comforts, I ſhall freely
Enjoy whom my heart loves.
Dutch. Our word is paſt,
Enjoy without diſturbance.
Aur. There *Lactantio*
Spread thy arms open wide, to welcome her
That has wrought all this means to reſt in thee.
Andr. Death of my joys; how's this?
Lact. Prethee away fond Fool, hast' no ſhame in thee,
Th'art bold and ignorant, what ere thou art.
Aur. What ere I am, do not you know me then?
Lact. Yes for ſome Waiting-veſſel, but the times
Are chang'd with me, if y'had the grace to know 'em.
I look'd for more reſpect, I am not ſpoke withal
After this rate I tell you; learn hereafter
To know what belongs to me, you ſhall ſee
All the Court teach you ſhortly. Farewel Manners.
Dutch. I'll mark the event of this.
Aur. I'have undone my ſelf two ways at once; loſt a great deal of time,
And now I am like to loſe more. O my fortune!
I was nineteen yeſterday, and partly vow'd
To have a childe by twenty, if not twain:
To ſee how Maids are croſt! but I'm plagu'd juſtly:
And ſhe that makes a fool of her firſt love,
Let her ne'r look to proſper, Sir.
Andr. Oh falſhood!
Aur. Have you forgiveneſs in you? There's more hope of me
Then of a Maid that never yet offended.
Andr. Make me your property?

Aur.

Aur. I'll promiſe you,
I'll never make you worſe: And Sir you know
There are worſe things for women to make men.
But by my hope of children, (and all lawful)
I'll be as true for ever to your Bed
As ſhe, in thought or deed, that never err'd:
Andr. I'll once believe a woman, be it but to ſtrengthen
Weak faith in other men: I have a love
That covers all thy faults.

Enter Lord Cardinal and the Lords.

L. Card. Nephew, prepare thy ſelf
With meekneſs and thankſgiving to receive
Thy reverend fortune: Amongſt all the Lords,
Her cloſe affection now makes choice of thee:
Last. Alas I'm not to learn to know that now.
Where could ſhe make choice here, if I were miſſing?
'Twould trouble the whole State, and puzzle 'em all
To finde out ſuch another.
L. Card. 'Tis high time Madam,
If your Grace pleaſe, to make election now.
Behold, they are all aſſembled!
Dutch. What election?
You ſpeak things ſtrange to me Sir.
L. Card. How! good Madam.
Dutch. Give me your meaning plainly like a Father.
You are too religious Sir to deal in Riddles.
L. Card. Is there a plainer way then leads to marriage, Madam,
And the man ſet before you?
Dutch. O Blaſphemy
To Sanctimonious Faith! comes it from you Sir!
An ill example; know you what you ſpeak,

Or

Or who you are? Is not my Vow in place?
How dare you be ſo bold Sir? Say a woman
Were tempt with a temptation, muſt you preſently
Take all th'advantage on't?

L. Card. Is this in earneſt, Madam?

Dutch. Heaven pardon you; if you do not think ſo Sir,
Y'have much to anſwer for: But I will leave you;
Return I humbly now from whence I fell.
All you bleſt powers that Regiſter the Vows
Of Virgins and chaſte Matrons, look on me
With eyes of mercy; ſeal forgiveneſs to me
By ſigns of inward peace; and to be ſurer,
That I will never fail your good hopes of me,
I binde my ſelf more ſtrictly. All my riches
I'll ſpeedily commend to holy uſes;
This Temple unto ſome religious Sanctuary,
Where all my time to come I will allow
For fruitful thoughts; ſo knit I up my Vow.

Lactant. This is to hawk at Eagles: Pox of pride,
It lays a man i'th' mire ſtill, like a Jade
That has too many tricks, and ne'r a good one.
I muſt gape high, I'm in a ſweet caſe now,
I was ſure of one, and now I have loſt her too.

Dutch. I know, my Lord, all that great ſtudious care
Is for your Kinſman; he's provided for
According to his merits.

L. Card. How's that! good Madam?

Dutch. Upon the firmneſs of my Faith it's true Sir;
See here's the Gentlewoman; the match was made
Near forty weeks ago: He knows the time Sir,
Better then I can tell him, and the poor Gentlewoman

Better then he: But being Religious Sir, and fearing you,
He durſt not own her for his wife till now,
Onely contracted with her in mans apparel,
For the more modeſty, becauſe he was baſhful,
And never could endure the ſight of woman,
For fear that you ſhould ſee her: This was he
Choſe for my love; this Page prefer'd to me.

Laſt. I'm paid with mine own money.

L. Card. Dare hypocriſie,
For fear of vengeance, ſit ſo cloſe to Vertue.
Steal'ſt thou a holy veſtment from Religion,
To cloath forbidden Luſt with? th'open villainy
Goes before thee to mercy, and his Penitency
Is bleſt with a more ſweet and quick return,
I utterly diſclaim all blood in thee.
I'll ſooner make a Parracide my heir,
Then ſuch a monſter. O forgive me Madam!
Th'apprehenſion of the wrong to you
Has a ſins wait at it. I forget all Charity,
When I but think upon him.

Dutch. Nay, my Lord,
At our requeſt, ſince we are pleas'd to pardon,
And ſend remiſſion to all former errors,
Which conſcionable Juſtice now ſets right,
From you we expect patience; h'as had puniſhment
Enough in his falſe hopes; truſt me he has Sir;
They have requited his diſſembling largely.
And to erect your falling-goodneſs to him,
We'll begin firſt our ſelf: Ten thouſand Duckets
The Gentlewoman ſhall bring out of our Treaſure,
To make her dowry.

L. Card. None has the true way
Of over-coming anger with meek vertue,
Like your compaſſionate Grace,

Laſt.

Lact. Curse of this fortune:
This 'tis to meddle with taking stuff, whose Belly cannot be confin'd in a Waste-band: Pray what have you done with the Breeches, we shall have need of 'em shortly; and we get children so fast, they are too good to be cast away. My Son and Heir need not scorn to wear what his Mother has left off: I had my fortune told me by a Gipsey seven years ago, she said then I should be the spoil of many a Maid, and at seven years end marry a Quean for my labor; which falls out wicked and true.

Dutch. We all have faults; look not so much on his.
Who lives i'th' world that never did amiss?
For you *Aurelia*, I commend your choice,
Y'have one after our heart: And though your Father
Be not in presence, we'll assure his voice;
Doubt not his liking, his o'r-joying rather:
You Sir embrace your own, 'tis your full due;
No Page serves me more, that once dwells with you.
Oh they that search out mans intents, shall finde
There's more Dissemblers then of Women kinde.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

A

TRAGEDY;

BY

Tho. Middleton, Gent.

LONDON:

Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, 1657.

DUke of *Florence.*
Lord Cardinal, Brother to the Duke.
Two Cardinals more.
A Lord.
Fabritio, Father to *Iſabella.*
Hippolito, Brother to *Fabritio.*
Guardiano, Uncle to the *Fooliſh Ward.*
The Ward, a rich yong Heir.
Leantio, a Factor, Husband to *Brancha.*
Sordido, the Wards Man.

Livia, Siſter to *Fabritio.*
Iſabella, Neece to *Livia.*
Brancha, *Leantio's* Wife.
Widow, his Mother.

States of *Florence.*
Citizens.
A Prentice.
Boys.
Meſſenger.
Servants.

The Scæn.

FLORENCE.

WOMEN.

WOMEN
BEWARE
WOMEN.

Act. I. Scæn. I.

Enter Leantio *with* Brancha, *and Mother.*

Mother. THy ſight was never yet more precious to me;
Welcome with all the affection of a Mother,
That comfort can expreſs from natural love:
Since thy birth-joy, a Mothers chiefeſt gladneſs.
After ſh'as undergone her curſe of ſorrows,
Thou was't not more dear to me, then this hour
Preſents thee to my heart. Welcome again.

Leant. 'Las poor affectionate Soul, how her joys ſpeak to me!
I have obſerv'd it often, and I know it is
The fortune commonly of knaviſh Children
To have the lovingſt Mothers.

Moth. What's this Gentlewoman?

Leant. Oh you have nam'd the moſt unvaluedſt purchaſe,
That youth of man had ever knowledge of.
As often as I look upon that treaſure,
And know it to be mine, (there lies the bleſſing)
It joys me that I ever was ordain'd
To have a Being, and to live 'mongſt men;
Which is a fearful living, and a poor one;
Let a man truly think on't.
To have the toyl and griefs of fourſcore years
Put up in a white ſheet, ti'd with two knots:
Methinks it ſhould ſtrike Earthquakes in Adulterers,
When ev'n the very ſheets they commit ſin in,
May prove, for ought they know, all their laſt Garments.
Oh what a mark were there for women then!
But beauty able to content a Conquerer,
Whom Earth could ſcarce content, keeps me in compaſs;
I finde no wiſh in me bent ſinfully
To this mans ſiſter, or to that mans wife:
In loves name let 'em keep their honeſties,
And cleave to their own husbands, 'tis their duties.
Now when I go to Church, I can pray handſomely;
Not come like Gallants onely to ſee faces,
As if Luſt went to market ſtill on Sondays.
I muſt confeſs I am guilty of one ſin, Mother,
More then I brought into the world with me;
But that I glory in: 'Tis theft, but noble,
As ever greatneſs yet ſhot up withal.

Moth. How's that?

Leant. Never to be repented (Mother,)
Though ſin be death; I had di'd, if I had not ſin'd,
And here's my maſter-peece: Do you now behold her!
Look on her well, ſhe's mine, look on her better:

Now

Now ſay, if't be not the beſt peece of theft
That ever was committed; and I have my pardon for't:
'Tis ſeal'd from Heaven by marriage.
Moth. Married to her!
Leant. You muſt keep councel Mother, I am undone elſe;
If it be known, I have loſt her; do but think now
What that loſs is, life's but a triffle to't.
From *Venice*, her conſent; and I have brought her
From Parents great in wealth, more now in rage;
But let ſtorms ſpend their furies, now we have got
A ſhelter o'r our quiet innocent loves,
We are contented; little money ſh'as brought me.
View but her face, you may ſee all her dowry,
Save that which lies lockt up in hidden vertues,
Like Jewels kept in Cabinets.
Moth. Y'are too blame,
If your obedience will give way to a check,
To wrong ſuch a perfection.
Leant. How?
Moth. Such a Creature,
To draw her from her fortune, which no doubt,
At the full time, might have prov'd rich and noble:
You know not what you have done; my life can give you
But little helps, and my death leſſer hopes.
And hitherto your own means has but made ſhift
To keep you ſingle, and that hardly too.
What ableneſs have you to do her right then
In maintenance fitting her birth and vertues?
Which ev'ry woman of neceſſity looks for,
And moſt to go above it, not confin'd
By their conditions, vertues, bloods, or births,
But flowing to affections, wills, and humors:

Leant.

Leant: Speak low ſweet Mother; you are able to
ſpoil as many
As come within the hearing: If it be not
Your fortune to mar all, I have much marvel.
I pray do not you teach her to rebel,
When ſhe's in a good way to obedience,
To riſe with other women in commotion
Againſt their husbands, for ſix Gowns a year,
And ſo maintain their cauſe, when they'r once up,
In all things elſe that require coſt enough.
They are all of 'em a kinde of ſpirits ſoon rais'd,
But not ſo ſoon laid (Mother) As for example,
A womans belly is got up in a trice,
A ſimple charge ere it be laid down again:
So ever in all their quarrels, and their courſes,
And I'm a proud man, I hear nothing of 'em,
They'r very ſtill, I thank my happineſs,
And ſound aſleep; pray let not your tongue wake
'em.
If you can but reſt quiet, ſhe's contented
With all conditions, that my fortunes bring her to;
To keep cloſe as a wife that loves her husband;
To go after the rate of my ability,
Not the licentious ſwindg of her own will,
Like ſome of her old ſchool-fellows, ſhe intends
To take out other works in a new Sampler,
And frame the faſhion of an honeſt love,
Which knows no wants; but mocking poverty
Brings forth more children, to make rich men wonder
At divine Providence, that feeds mouths of Infants,
And ſends them none to feed, but ſtuffs their rooms
With fruitful bags, their beds with barren wombs.
Good Mother, make not you things worſe then they
are,
Out of your too much openneſs; pray take heed
on't;

Nor

Nor imitate the envy of old people,
That ſtrive to mar good ſport, becauſe they are perfit.
I would have yoũ more pitiful to youth,
Eſpecially to your own fleſh and blood.
I'll prove an excellent husband, here's my hand,
Lay in proviſion, follow my buſineſs roundly,
And make you a Grand-mother in forty weeks.
Go, pray ſalute her, bid her welcome cheerfully.
Moth. Gentlewoman, thus much is a debt of courteſie
Which faſhionable ſtrangers pay each other
At a kinde meeting; then there's more then one
Due to the knowledge I have of your neerneſs:
I am bold to come again, and now ſalute you
By th'name of daughter, which may challenge more
Then ordinary reſpect.
Leant. Why this is well now,
And I think few Mothers of threeſcore will mend it.
Moth. What I can bid you welcome to, is mean;
But make it all your own; we are full of wants,
And cannot welcome worth.
Leant. Now this is ſcurvy,
And ſpake as if a woman lack'd her teeth.
Theſe old folks talk of nothing but defects,
Becauſe they grow ſo full of 'em themſelves.
Branc. Kinde Mother, there is nothing can be wanting
To her that does enjoy all her deſires.
Heaven ſend a quiet peace with this mans love,
And I am as rich, as Vertue can be poor;
Which were enough after the rate of minde,
To erect Temples for content plac'd here;
I have forſook Friends, Fortunes, and my Country,
And hourly I rejoyce in't. Here's my Friends,
And few is the good number; thy ſucceſſes

How

How ere they look, I will ſtill name my fortunes,
Hopeful or ſpightful, they ſhall all be welcome:
Who invites many gueſts, has of all ſorts,
As he that trafficks much, drinks of all fortunes,
Yet they muſt all be welcome, and us'd well.
I'll call this place the place of my birth now,
And rightly too; for here my love was born,
And that's the birth-day of a womans joys.
You have not bid me welcome ſince I came.

Leant. That I did queſtionleſs.

Branc. No ſure, how was't?
I have quite forgot it.

Leant. Thus.

Branc. Oh Sir, 'tis true;
Now I remember well: I have done thee wrong,
Pray tak't again Sir.

Leant. How many of theſe wrongs
Could I put up in an hour? and turn up the Glaſs
For twice as many more.

Moth. Wilt pleaſe you to walk in daughter?

Branc. Thanks ſweet Mother;
The voice of her that bare me, is not more pleaſing.

Exeunt.

Leant. Though my own care, and my rich Maſters truſt,
Lay their commands both on my Factorſhip,
This day and night, I'll know no other buſineſs
But her and her dear welcome. 'Tis a bitterneſs
To think upon to morrow, that I muſt leave her
Still to the ſweet hopes of the weeks end,
That pleaſure ſhould be ſo reſtrain'd and curb'd
After the courſe of a rich Work-maſter,
That never pays till Saturday night.
Marry it comes together in a round ſum then,
And do's more good you'll ſay: Oh fair ey'd *Florence!*

Didſt

Didſt thou but know, what a moſt matchleſs Jewel
Thou now art Miſtreſs of, a pride would take thee,
Able to ſhoot deſtruction through the bloods
Of all thy youthful Sons; but 'tis great policy
To keep choice treaſures in obſcureſt places:
Should we ſhew Theeves our wealth, 'twould make 'em bolder;
Temptation is a Devil will not ſtick
To faſten upon a Saint; take heed of that;
The Jewel is cas'd up from all mens eyes.
Who could imagine now a Gem were kept,
Of that great value under this plain roof?
But how in times of abſence? what aſſurance
Of this reſtraint then; yes, yes? there's one with her,
Old Mothers know the world; and ſuch as theſe,
When Sons lock Cheſts, are good to look to Keys.
Exit.

Scæn. 2. *Enter* Guardiano, Fabritio, *and* Livia.

Guard. What has your daughter ſeen him yet? know you that?
Fab. No matter, ſhe ſhall love him.
Guard. Nay let's have fair play,
He has been now my Ward ſome fifteen year,
And 'tis my purpoſe (as time calls upon me)
By cuſtom ſeconded, and ſuch moral vertues,
To tender him a wife; now Sir, this wife
I'ld fain elect out of a daughter of yours.
You ſee my meaning's fair; if now this daughter
So tendered (let me come to your own phraſe Sir)
Should offer to refuſe him, I were hanſell'd.
Thus am I fain to calculate all my words,
For the Meridian of a fooliſh old man,

To

To take his underſtanding : What do you anſwer Sir?

Fab. I ſay ſtill ſhe ſhall love him.

Guard. Yet again?

And ſhall ſhe have no reaſon for this love?

Fab. Why do you think that women love with reaſon?

Guard. I perceive Fools are not at all hours fooliſh,

No more then wiſemen wiſe.

Fab. I had a wife,

She ran mad for me; ſhe had no reaſon for't,

For ought I could perceive: What think you Lady Siſter?

Guard. 'Twas a fit match that,

Being both out of their wits: A loving wife, it ſeem'd

She ſtrove to come as near you as ſhe could.

Fab. And if her daughter prove not mad for love too,

She takes not after her, nor after me;

If ſhe prefer reaſon before my pleaſure,

Your an experienc'd widow. Lady Siſter,

I pray let your opinion come amongſt us.

Liv. I muſt offend you then, if truth will do't,

And take my Neeces part, and call't injuſtice

To force her love to one ſhe never ſaw.

Maids ſhould both ſee, and like; all little enough;

If they love truly after that, 'tis well.

Connting the time, ſhe takes one man till death,

That's a hard task, I tell you; but one may

Enquire at three years end, amongſt yong wives,

And mark how the game goes.

Fab. Why, is not man

Tide to the ſame obſervance, Lady Siſter,

And in one woman?

Liv.

Liv. 'Tis enough for him;
Beſides he taſtes of many ſundry diſhes
That we poor wretches never lay our lips to;
As Obedience forſooth, Subjection, Duty, and ſuch Kickſhaws,
All of our making, but ſerv'd in to them;
And if we lick a finger, then ſometimes
We are not too blame: Your beſt Cooks uſe it.
Fab. Th'art a ſweet Lady, Siſter, and a witty——
Liv. A witty! Oh the bud of commendation
Fit for a Girl of ſixteen; I am blown man,
I ſhould be wiſe by this time; and for inſtance,
I have buried my two husbands in good faſhion,
And never mean more to marry.
Guard. No, why ſo Lady?
Liv. Becauſe the third ſhall never bury me:
I think I am more then witty; how think you Sir?
Fab. I have paid often fees to a Counſellor
Has had a weaker brain.
Liv. Then I muſt tell you,
Your money was ſoon parted.
Guard. Light her now Brother.
Liv. Where is my Neece? let her be ſent for ſtraight,
If you have any hope, 'twill prove a wedding;
'Tis fit y'faith ſhe ſhould have one ſight of him,
And ſtop upon't, and not be joyn'd in haſte,
As if they went to ſtock a new found Land.
Fab. Look out her Uncle, and y'are ſure of her,
Thoſe two are nev'r aſunder, they've been heard
In Argument at midnight, Moon-ſhine nights
Are Noon days with them; they walk out their ſleeps;
Or rather at thoſe hours, appear like thoſe
That walk in 'em, for ſo they did to me.

Look

Look you, I told you truth; they're like a chain,
Draw but one link, all follows.

Enter Hippolito, *and* Iſabella *the Neece.*

Guard. Oh affinity,
What peece of excellent workmanſhip art thou?
'Tis work clean wrought; for there's no luſt, but love in't,
And that abundantly: when in ſtranger things,
There is no love at all, but what luſt brings.
Fab. On with your Mask, for 'tis your part to ſee now,
And not be ſeen: Go too, make uſe of your time;
See what you mean to like; nay, and I charge you,
Like what you ſee: Do you hear me? there's no dallying;
The Gentleman's almoſt twenty, and 'tis time
He were getting lawful heirs, and you a breeding on 'em.
Neece. Good Father!
Fab. Tell not me of tongues and rumors.
You'll ſay the Gentleman is ſomewhat ſimple,
The better for a husband, were you wiſe;
For thoſe that marry fools, live Ladies lives.
On with the Mask, I'll hear no more, he's rich;
The fool's hid under Buſhels.
Liv. Not ſo hid neither;
But here's a foul great peece of him methinks;
What will he be, when he comes altogether?

Scæn.

Enter the Ward with a Trap-ſtick, and Sordido *his man.*

Ward. Beat him?
I beat him out o'th' field with his own Cat-ſtick,
Yet gave him the firſt hand.
Sord. Oh ſtrange!
Ward. I did it,
Then he ſet Jacks on me.
Sord. What, my Ladies Tailor?
Ward. I, and I beat him too.
Sord. Nay that's no wonder,
He's us'd to beating.
Ward. Nay, I tickel'd him
When I came once to my tippings.
Sord. Now you talk on 'em;
There was a Poulterers wife made a great complaint of you laſt night to your Gardianer, that you ſtruck a bump in her childes head, as big as an Egg.
Ward An Egg may prove a Chicken then in time; the Poulterers wife will get by't. When I am in game, I am furious; came my Mothers eyes in my way, I would not loſe a fair end: No, were ſhe alive, but with one tooth in her head, I ſhould venture the ſtriking out of that. I think of no body, when I am in play, I am ſo earneſt. Coads-me, my Gardianer! Prethee lay up my Cat and Cat-ſtick ſafe.
Sord. Where Sir, i'th' Chimney-corner?
Ward. Chimney Corner!
Sord. Yes Sir, your Cats are always ſafe i'th' Chimney Corner,
Unleſs they burn their Coats.
Ward. Marry, that I am afraid on.
Sord. Why, then I will beſtow your Cat i'th' Gutter,

And there ſhe's ſafe I am ſure.

Ward If I but live
To keep a houſe, I'll make thee a great man,
If meat and drink can do't. I can ſtoop gallantly,
And pitch out when I lift: I'm dog at a hole,
I mar'l my Guardianer do's not ſeek a wife for me;
I proteſt I'll have a bout with the Maids elſe,
Or contract my ſelf at midnight to the Larder-woman,
In preſence of a Fool, or a Sack-poſſet.

Guard. Ward.

Ward. I feel my ſelf after any exerciſe
Horribly prone: Let me but ride, I'm luſty,
A Cock-horſe ſtraight y'faith.

Guard. Why Ward, I ſay.

Ward. I'll forſwear eating Eggs in Moon-ſhine nights;
There's nev'r a one I eat, but turns into a Cock
In four and twenty hours, if my hot blood
Be not took down in time, ſure 'twill crow ſhortly.

Guard. Do you hear Sir? follow me, I muſt new School you.

Ward. School me? I ſcorn that now, I am paſt ſchooling.
I am not ſo baſe to learn to write and read;
I was born to better fortunes in my Cradle. *Exit.*

Fab. How do you like him Girl? this is your husband.
Like him, or like him not wench, you ſhall have him,
And you ſhall love him.

Liv. Oh ſoft there Brother! though you be a Juſtice,
Your Warrant cannot be ſerv'd out of your liberty,
You may compel out of the power of Father,
Things meerly harſh to a Maids fleſh and blood;
But when you come to love, there the ſoil alters;

Y'are

Y'are in an other Country, where your Laws
Are no more ſet by, then the cacklings
Of Geeſe in *Romes* great Capitol.
Fab. Marry him ſhe ſhall then,
Let her agree upon love afterwards. *Exit.*
Liv. You ſpeak now Brother like an honeſt mortal
That walks upon th'earth with a ſtaff;
You were up i'th' Clouds before, you'ld command love,
And ſo do moſt old folks that go without it.
My beſt and deareſt Brother, I could dwell here;
There is not ſuch another ſeat on earth,
Where all good parts better expreſs themſelves.
Hip. You'll make me bluſh anon.
Liv. 'Tis but like ſaying grace before a Feaſt then,
And that's moſt comely; thou art all a Feaſt,
And ſhe that has thee, a moſt happy gueſt.
Prethee chear up that Neece with ſpecial Counſel.
Hip. I would 'twere fit to ſpeak to her what I would; but
'Twas not a thing ordain'd, Heaven has forbid it,
And 'tis moſt meet, that I ſhould rather periſh
Then the Decree Divine receive leaſt blemiſh:
Feed inward you my ſorrows, make no noiſe,
Conſume me ſilent, let me be ſtark dead
Ere the world know I'm ſick. You ſee my honeſty,
If you befriend me, ſo.
Neece. Marry a Fool!
Can there be greater miſery to a woman
That means to keep her days true to her husband,
And know no other man! ſo vertue wills it.
Why; how can I obey and honor him,
But I muſt needs commit Idolatry?
A Fool is but the Image of a man,

And that but ill made neither: Oh the heart-breakings
Of miſerable Maids, where love's inforc'd!
The beſt condition is but bad enough;
When women have their choices, commonly
They do but buy their thraldoms, and bring great portions
To men to keep 'em in ſubjection,
As if a fearful priſoner ſhould bribe
The Keeper to be good to him, yet lies in ſtill,
And glad of a good uſage, a good look
Sometimes by'r Lady; no miſery ſurmounts a womans.
Men buy their ſlaves, but women buy their maſters;
Yet honeſty and love makes all this happy,
And next to Angels, the moſt bleſt eſtate.
That Providence, that h'as made ev'ry poyſon
Good for ſome uſe, and ſets four warring Elements
At peace in man, can make a harmony
In things that are moſt ſtrange to humane reaſon.
Oh but this marriage! What are you ſad too Uncle?
Faith then there's a whole houſhold down together:
Where ſhall I go to ſeek my comfort now
When my beſt friend's diſtreſſed? what is't afflicts you Sir?

Hip. Faith nothing but one grief that will not leave me,
And now 'tis welcome; ev'ry man has ſomething
To bring him to his end, and this will ſerve
Joyn'd with your fathers cruelty to you,
That helps it forward.

Neece. Oh be cheer'd ſweet Uncle!
How long has't been upon you, I nev'r ſpi'd it:
What a dull ſight have I, how long I pray Sir?

Hip. Since I firſt ſaw you Neece, and left *Bologna*.

Neece.

Neece. And could you deal ſo unkindly with my heart,
To keep it up ſo long hid from my pitty?
Alas, how ſhall I truſt your love hereafter?
Have we paſt through ſo many arguments,
And miſs'd of that ſtill, the moſt needful one?
Walk'd out whole nights together in diſcourſes,
And the main point forgot? We are too blame both;
This is an obſtinate wilful forgetfulneſs,
And faulty on both parts: Let's loſe no time now,
Begin good Uncle, you that feel't; what is it?

Hip. You of all creatures Neece muſt never hear on't,
'Tis not a thing ordain'd for you to know.

Neece. Not I Sir! all my joys that word cuts off;
You made profeſſion once you lov'd me beſt;
'Twas but profeſſion!

Hip. Yes, I do't too truly,
And fear I ſhall be chid for't: Know the worſt then:
I love thee dearlier then an Uncle can.

Neece. Why ſo you ever ſaid, and I believ'd it:

Hip. So ſimple is the goodneſs of her thoughts,
They underſtand not yet th'unhallowed language
Of a near ſinner: I muſt yet be forced
(Though bluſhes be my venture) to come nearer.
As a man love's his wife, ſo love I thee.

Neece. What's that?
Methought I heard ill news come toward me,
Which commonly we underſtand too ſoon,
Then over-quick at hearing, I'll prevent it,
Though my joys fare the harder; welcome it:
It ſhall nev'r come ſo near mine ear again.
Farewel all friendly ſolaces and diſcourſes,
I'll learn to live without ye, for your dangers
Are greater then your comforts; what's become

Of truth in love, if ſuch we cannot truſt,
When blood that ſhould be love, is mix'd with luſt.
Exit.

Hip. The worſt can be but death, and let it come,
He that lives joyleſs, ev'ry day's his doom. *Exit.*

Scæn. 3. *Enter* Leantio *alone.*

Lean. Methinks I'm ev'n as dull now at departure,
As men obſerve great Gallants the next day
After a Revels; you ſhall ſee 'em look
Much of my faſhion, if you mark 'em well.
'Tis ev'n a ſecond Hell to part from pleaſure,
When man has got a ſmack on't: As many holidays
Coming together makes your poor heads idle
A great while after, and are ſaid to ſtick
Faſt in their fingers ends; ev'n ſo does game
In a new married couple for the time,
It ſpoils all thrift, and indeed lies a Bed
To invent all the new ways for great expences. — *Brancha* and Mother above.
See, and ſhe be not got on purpoſe now
Into the Window to look after me.
I have no power to go now, and I ſhould be hang'd:
Farewel all buſineſs, I deſire no more
Then I ſee yonder; let the goods at Key
Look to themſelves; why ſhould I toil my youth out?
It is but begging two or three year ſooner,
And ſtay with her continually; is't a match?
O fie, what a Religion have I leap'd into!
Get out again for ſhame, the man loves beſt
When his care's moſt, that ſhows his zeal to love.
Fondneſs is but the Idiot to Affection,

That

That plays at Hot-cockles with rich Merchants wives;
Good to make ſport withal when the Cheſt's full,
And the long Ware houſe cracks. 'Tis time of day
For us to be more wiſe; 'tis early with us,
And if they loſe the morning of their affairs,
They commonly loſe the beſt part of the day,
Thoſe that are wealthy, and have got enough.
'Tis after Sun-ſet with 'em, they may reſt,
Grow fat with eaſe, banket, and toy and play,
When ſuch as I enter the heat o'th' day,
And I'll do't cheerfully.

Bran. I perceive Sir
Y'are not gone yet, I have good hope you'll ſtay now.

Lean. Farewel, I muſt not.

Bran. Come, come, pray return
To morrow; adding but a little care more,
Will diſpatch all as well; believe me 'twill Sir.

Lean. I could well wiſh my ſelf where you would have me;
But love that's wanton, muſt be rul'd a while
By that that's careful, or all goes to ruine,
As fitting is a Government in Love,
As in a Kingdom; where 'tis all meer Luſt,
'Tis like an inſurrection in the people
That rais'd in Self-wil, wars againſt all Reaſon:
But Love that is reſpective for increaſe,
Is like a good King, that keeps all in peace.
Once more farewel.

Bran. But this one night I prethee.

Lean. Alas I'm in for twenty, if I ſtay,
And then for forty more, I have ſuch luck to fleſh:
I never bought a horſe, but he bore double.
If I ſtay any longer, I ſhall turn
An everlaſting ſpend-thrift; as you love

To be maintain'd well, do not call me again,
For then I ſhall not care which end goes forward:
Again farewel to thee. *Exit.*

Bran. Since it muſt, farewel too.

Moth. 'Faith daughter, y'are too blame, you take the courſe
To make him an ill husband, troth you do,
And that diſeaſe is catching, I can tell you,
I, and ſoon taken by a yongmans blood,
And that with little urging: Nay fie, ſee now,
What cauſe have you to weep? would I had no more,
That have liv'd threeſcore years; there were a cauſe
And 'twere well thought on; truſt me y'are too blame,
His abſence cannot laſt five days at utmoſt.
Why ſhould thoſe tears be fetch'd forth? cannot love
Be ev'n as well expreſs'd in a good look,
But it muſt ſee her face ſtill in a Fountain,
It ſhows like a Country Maid dreſſing her head
By a diſh of water: Come 'tis an old cuſtom
To weep for love.

Enter two or three Boys, and a Citizen or two, with an Apprentice.

Boys Now they come, now they come.

2. The Duke.

3. The State.

Cit. How near Boy?

1 *Boy.* I'th' next ſtreet Sir, hard at hand.

Cit. You ſirra, get a ſtanding for your Miſtreſs,
The beſt in all the City.

Apprent. I hav't for her Sir,
'Twas a thing I provided for her over night,
'Tis ready at her pleaſure.

Cit.

Cit. Fetch her to't then, away Sir.
Bran. What's the meaning of this hurry,
Can you tell Mother.
Moth. What a memory
Have I! I see by that years come upon me.
Why 'tis a yearly custom and solemnity,
Religiously observ'd by th'Duke and State
To St. *Marks* Temple, the fifteenth of *April*:
See if my dull brains had not quite forgot it,
'Twas happily question'd of thee, I had gone down else,
Sat like a drone below, and never thought on't.
I would not to be ten years yonger again,
That you had lost the sight; now you shall see
Our Duke, a goodly Gentleman of his years.
Bran. Is he old then?
Moth. About some fifty five.
Bran. That's no great age in man, he's then at best
For wisdom, and for judgment.
Moth. The Lord Cardinal
His noble Brother, there's a comly Gentleman,
And greater in devotion then in blood.
Bran. He's worthy to be mark'd.
Moth. You shall behold
All our cheif states of *Florence*, you came fortunately
Against this solemn day:
Bran. I hope so always: *Musick.*
Moth. I hear 'em near us now, do you stand easily?
Bran. Exceeding well, good Mother.
Moth. Take this stool.
Bran. I need it not I thank you.
Moth. Use your will then.

Enter in great solemnity six Knights bare-headed, then two Cardinals, and then the Lord Cardinal; then the Duke; after him the States of Florence *by two and two, with varity of Musick and Song.* Exit.

Moth.

Moth. How like you Daughter?
Bran. 'Tis a Noble State.
Methinks my ſoul could dwell upon the reverence
Of ſuch a ſolemn and moſt worthy cuſtom.
Did not the Duke look up? me-thought he ſaw us.
Moth. That's ev'ry one's conceit that ſees a Duke,
If he look ſtedfaſtly, he looks ſtrait at them,
When he perhaps, good careful Gentleman,
Never mindes any; but the look he caſts,
Is at his own intentions, and his object
Onely the publick good.
Bran. Moſt likely ſo.
Moth. Come, come, we'll end this Argument below. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Scæn. 1.

Enter Hippolito, *and Lady* Livia *the Widow.*

Liv. A Strange affection (Brother) when I think on't!
I wonder how thou cam'ſt by't.
Hip. Ev'n as eaſily,
As man comes by deſtruction, which oft-times
He wears in his own boſom.
Liv. Is the world
So populous in Women, and Creation,
So prodigal in Beauty, and ſo various?
Yet do's love turn thy point to thine own blood?
'Tis ſomewhat too unkindly; muſt thy eye
Dwell evilly on the fairneſs of thy kinred,

And

And ſeek not where it ſhould? it is confin'd
Now in a narrower priſon then was made for't?
It is allow'd a ſtranger, and where bounty
Is made the great mans honor, 'tis ill husbandry
To ſpare, and ſervants ſhall have ſmall thanks for't.
So he Heavens bounty ſeems to ſcorn and mock,
That ſpares free means, and ſpends of his own ſtock.
Hip. Never was mans miſery ſo ſoon ſow'd up,
Counting how truly.
Liv. Nay, I love you ſo,
That I ſhall venture much to keep a change from you
So fearful as this grief will bring upon you.
Faith it even kills me, when I ſee you faint
Under a reprehenſion, and I'll leave it,
Though I know nothing can be better for you:
Prethee (ſweet Brother) let not paſſion waſte
The goodneſs of thy time, and of thy fortune:
Thou keep'ſt the treaſure of that life I love,
As dearly as mine own; and if you think
My former words too bitter, which were miniſtred
By truth and zeal; 'tis but a hazarding
Of grace and vertue, and I can bring forth
As pleaſant Fruits, as Senſualitie wiſhes
In all her teeming longings: This I can do.
Hip. Oh nothing that can make my wiſhes perfect!
Liv. I would that love of yours were pawn'd to't Brother,
And as ſoon loſt that way, as I could win.
Sir I could give as ſhreud a lift to Chaſtity,
As any ſhe that wears a tongue in *Florence.*
Sh'ad need be a good horſe-woman, and ſit faſt,
Whom my ſtrong argument could not fling at laſt.
Prethee take courage man; though I ſhould counſel
Another to deſpair, yet I am pitiful

To thy afflictions, and will venture hard;
I will not name for what, 'tis not handſom;
Finde you the proof, and praiſe me.
Hip. Then I fear me,
I ſhall not praiſe you in haſte.
Liv. This is the comfort,
You are not the firſt (Brother) has attempted
Things more forbidden, then this ſeems to be:
I'll miniſter all Cordials now to you,
Becauſe I'll cheer you up Sir.
Hip. I am paſt hope.
Liv. Love, thou ſhalt ſee me do a ſtrange cure then,
As e'r was wrought on a diſeaſe ſo mortal,
And near akin to ſhame; when ſhall you ſee her?
Hip. Never in comfort more.
Liv. Y'are ſo impatient too.
Hip. Will you believe death, ſh'has forſworn my company,
And ſeal'd it with a bluſh.
Liv. So, I perceive
All lies upon my hands then; well, the more glory
When theworks finiſh'd — How now Sir, the news!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Neece, the vertuous *Iſabela*,
Is lighted now to ſee you.
Liv. That's great fortune
Sir, your Stars bleſs; you ſimple, lead her in.
Exit Servant.
Hip. What's this to me?
Liv. Your abſence gentle Brother,
I muſt beſtir my wits for you.
Hip. I, to great purpoſe. *Exit Hippolito.*
Liv. Beſhrew you, would I lov'd you not ſo well:
I'll go to Bed, and leave this deed undone:

I am

I am the fondeſt where I once affect;
The careſull'ſt of their healths, and of their eaſe forſooth,
That I look ſtill but ſlenderly to mine own.
I take a courſe to pity him ſo much now,
That I have none left for modeſty and my ſelf.
This 'tis to grow ſo liberal; y'have few ſiſters
That love their Brothers eaſe 'bove their own honeſties:
But if you queſtion my affections,
That will be found my fault. Neece, your love's welcome.
Alas what draws that paleneſs to thy cheeks,
This inforc'd marriage towards?

Enter Iſabella *the Neece.*

Iſab. It helps good Aunt
Amongſt ſome other griefs; but thoſe I'll keep
Lock'd up in modeſt ſilence; for they'r ſorrows
Would ſhame the Tongue, more then they grieve the thought:
Liv. Indeed the Ward is ſimple.
Iſab. Simple! that were well:
Why one might make good ſhift with ſuch a husband.
But he's a fool entail'd, he halts down-right in't:
Liv. And knowing this, I hope 'tis at your choice
To take or refuſe Neece.
Iſab. You ſee it is not.
I loath him more then beauty can hate death
Or age her ſpightful neighbor.
Liv. Let't appear then.
Iſab. How can I being born with that obedience,
That muſt ſubmit unto a fathers will?
If he command, I muſt of force conſent.

Liv.

Liv. Alas poor ſoul! be not offended prethee,
If I ſet by the name of Neece a while,
And bring in pity in a ſtranger faſhion:
It lies here in this Breſt, would croſs this match.
Iſab. How, croſs it Aunt?
Liv. I, and give thee more liberty
Then thou haſt reaſon yet to apprehend.
Iſab. Sweet Aunt, in goodneſs keep not hid from me
What may befriend my life.
Liv. Yes, yes, I muſt,
When I return to reputation,
And think upon the ſolemn Vow I made
To your dead Mother, my moſt loving Siſter;
As long as I have her memory 'twixt mine eye lids,
Look for no pity now.
Iſab. Kinde, ſweet, dear Aunt.
Liv. No, 'twas a ſecret, I have took ſpecial care of,
Delivered by your Mother on her death bed,
That's nine years now, and I'll not part from't yet,
Though nev'r was fitter time, nor greater cauſe for't.
Iſab. As you deſire the praiſes of a Virgin:
Liv. Good ſorrow! I would do thee any kindneſs,
Not wronging Secrecy, or Reputation.
Iſab. Neither of which (as I have hope of frûitneſs)
Shall receive wrong from me.
Liv. Nay 'twould be your own wrong,
As much as any's, ſhould it come to that once.
Iſab. I need no better means to work perſwaſion then.
Liv. Let it ſuffice, you may refuſe this fool,
Or you may take him, as you ſee occaſion
For your advantage; the beſt wits will do't;

Y'have

Y'have liberty enough in your own will,
You cannot be inforc'd; there grows the flowre
If you could pick it out, makes whole life ſweet to you.
That which you call your Fathers command's nothing;
Then your obedience muſt needs be as little.
If you can make ſhift here to taſte your happineſs,
Or pick out ought that likes you, much good do you:
You ſee your cheer, I'll make you no ſet dinner.
Iſab. And truſt me, I may ſtarve for all the good
I can finde yet in this: Sweet Aunt, deal plainlier.
Liv. Say I ſhould truſt you now upon an oath,
And give you in a ſecret that would ſtart you,
How am I ſure of you, in faith and ſilence?
Iſab. Equal aſſurance may I finde in mercy,
As you for that in me.
Liv. It ſhall ſuffice:
Then know, how ever cuſtom h'as made good
For reputations ſake, the names of Neece
And Aunt, 'twixt you and I, w'are nothing leſs.
Iſab. How's that?
Liv. I told you I ſhould ſtart your blood.
You are no more alli'd to any of us,
Save what the curteſie of opinion caſts
Upon your Mothers memory, and your name,
Then the meer'ſt ſtranger is, or one begot
At *Naples*, when the husband lies at *Rome*;
There's ſo much oddes betwixt us. Since your knowledge
Wiſh'd more inſtruction, and I have your oath
In pledge for ſilence; it makes me talk the freelier.
Did never the report of that fam'd *Spaniard*,
Marqueſs of *Coria*, ſince your time was ripe
For underſtanding, fill your ear with wonder?

Iſab.

Iſab. Yes, what of him ? I have heard his deeds of honor

Often related when we liv'd in *Naples.*

Liv. You heard the praiſes of your Father then.

Iſab. My Father !

Liv. That was he : But all the buſineſs
So carefully and ſo diſcreetly carried,
That Fame receiv'd no ſpot by't, not a blemiſh;
Your Mother was ſo wary to her end,
None knew it, but her Conſcience, and her friend,
Till penitent confeſſion made it mine,
And now my pity, yours : It had been long elſe,
And I hope care and love alike in you,
Made good by oath, will ſee it take no wrong now :
How weak his commands now, whom you call Father ?
How vain all his inforcements, your obedience ?
And what a largeneſs in your will and liberty,
To take, or to reject, or to do both ?
For fools will ſerve to father wiſemens children :
All this y'have time to think on. O my Wench !
Nothing o'rthrows our Sex but indiſcretion,
We might do well elſe of a brittle people,
As any under the great Canopy :
I pray forget not but to call me Aunt ſtill;
Take heed of that, it may be mark'd in time elſe,
But keep your thoughts to your ſelf, from all the world,
Kinred, or deareſt friend, nay, I entreat you,
From him that all this while you have call'd Uncle;
And though you love him dearly, as I know
His deſerts claim as much ev'n from a ſtranger,
Yet let not him know this, I prethee do not,
As ever thou haſt hope of ſecond pity,
If thou ſhouldſt ſtand in need on't, do not do't.

Iſab. Believe my oath, I will not.

Liv.

Liv. Why well ſaid:
Who ſhows more craft t'undo a Maidenhead,
I'll reſign my part to her; ſhe's thine own, go.
Exit.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Alas, fair flattery cannot cure my ſorrows!
Iſab. Have I paſt ſo much time in ignorance,
And never had the means to know my ſelf
Till this bleſt hour? Thanks to her vertuous pity
That brought it now to light; would I had known it
But one day ſooner, he had then receiv'd
In favors, what (poor Gentleman) he took
In bitter words; a ſlight and harſh reward
For one of his deſerts.
Hip. There ſeems to me now
More anger and diſtraction in her looks.
I'm gone, I'll not endure a ſecond ſtorm;
The memory of the firſt, is not paſt yet.
Iſab. Are you return'd, you comforts of my life?
In this mans preſence, I will keep you faſt now,
And ſooner part eternally from the world,
Then my good joys in you: Prethee forgive me,
I did but chide in jeſt; the beſt loves uſe it
Sometimes, it ſets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our beſt friends to a feaſt,
'Tis not all ſweet-meats that we ſet before them,
There's ſomewhat ſharp and ſalt, both to whet Appetite,
And make 'em taſte their Wine well: So methinks
After a friendly, ſharpe and ſavory chiding,
A kiſs taſtes wondrous well, and full o'th' Grape.
How think'ſt thou, doſt not?
Hip. 'Tis ſo excellent,

I know not how to praiſe it, what to ſay too't:
Iſab. This marriage ſhall go forward.
Hip. With the Ward,
Are you in earneſt?
Iſab. 'Twould be ill for us elſe
Hip. For us? how means ſhe that?
Iſab. Troth I begin
To be ſo well methinks, within this hour,
For all this match able to kill ones heart:
Nothing can pull me down now; ſhould my Father
Provide a worſe fool yet (which I ſhould think
Were a hard thing to compaſs) I'd have him either;
The worſe the better, none can come amiſs now,
If he want wit enough: So Diſcretion love me,
Deſert and Judgment, I have content ſufficient.
She that comes once to be a houſe-keeper,
Muſt not look every day to fare well Sir,
Like a yong waiting Gentlewoman in ſervice,
For ſhe feeds commonly as her Lady does;
No good bit paſſes her, but ſhe gets a taſte on't;
But when ſhe comes to keep houſe for her ſelf,
She's glad of ſome choice Cates then once a week,
Or twice at moſt, and glad if ſhe can get 'em:
So muſt Affection learn to fare with thankfulneſs.
Pray make your Love no ſtranger Sir; that's all,
Though you be one your ſelf, and know not on't,
And I have ſworn you muſt not. *Exit.*
Hip. This is beyond me!
Never came joys ſo unexpectedly
To meet deſires in man; how came ſhe thus?
What has ſhe done to her can any tell?
'Tis beyond Sorcery this, Drugs, or Love-powders;
Some Art that has no name ſure, ſtrange to me
Of all the wonders I ere met withal
Throughout my ten years travels, but I'm thankful
for't.

This

This marriage now muſt of neceſſity forward;
It is the onely vail Wit can deviſe
To keep our acts hid from ſin-peircing eyes. *Exit.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter* Guardiano *and* Livia.

Liv. How Sir, a Gentlewoman, ſo yong, ſo fair,
As you ſet forth, ſpi'd from the Widows window!
Guard. Shee!
Liv. Our Sunday-dinner woman?
Guard. And thurſday Supper-woman, the ſame ſtill.
I know not how ſhe came by her, but I'll ſwear
She's the prime gallant for a face, in *Florence*;
And no doubt other parts follow their Leader:
The Duke himſelf firſt ſpi'd her at the window;
Then in a rapture, as if admiration
Were poor when it were ſingle, beck'ned me,
And pointed to the wonder warily,
As one that fear'd ſhe would draw in her ſplendor
Too ſoon, if too much gaz'd at: I nev'r knew him
So infinitely taken with a woman,
Nor can I blame his Appetite, or tax
His Raptures of ſlight folly; ſhe's a Creature
Able to draw a State from ſerious buſineſs,
And make it their beſt peece to do her ſervice:
What courſe ſhall we deviſe? h'as ſpoke twice now.
Liv: Twice?
Guard. 'Tis beyond your apprehenſion.
How ſtrangly that one look has catch'd his heart!
'Twould prove but too much worth in wealth and favor
To thoſe ſhould work his peace.
Liv. And if I do't not,
Or at leaſt come as near it, (if your Art
Will take a little pains, and ſecond me)

As any wench in *Florence* of my ſtanding.
I'll quite give o'r, and ſhut up ſhop in cunning.
Guard. 'Tis for the Duke, and if I fail your purpoſe,
All means to come, by riches or advancement,
Miſs me, and skip me over.
Liv. Let the old woman then
Be ſent for with all ſpeed, then I'll begin.
Guard. A good concluſion follow, and a ſweet one
After this ſtale beginning with old ware. Within there!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, do you call?
Guard. Come near, liſt hither.
Liv. I long my ſelf to ſee this abſolute Creature,
That wins the heart of love, and praiſe ſo much.
Guard. Go Sir, make haſte.
Liv. Say I entreat her company;
Do you hear Sir?
Serv. Yes Madam. *Exit.*
Liv. That brings her quickly.
Guard. I would 'twere done, the Duke waits the good hour,
And I wait the good Fortune that may ſpring from't.
I have had a lucky hand theſe fifteen year
At ſuch Court Paſſage with theee Dice in a Diſh.
Seignior *Fabritio!*

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Oh Sir, I bring an alteration in my mouth now.
Guard. An alteration! no wiſe Speech I hope;
He means not to talk wiſely, does he trow?
Good! what's the change I pray Sir?

Fab.

Fab. A new change.
Guard. Another yet! faith there's enough already.
Fab. My daughter loves him now.
Guard. What does she Sir?
Fab. Affects him beyond thought, who but the Ward forsooth!
No talk but of the Ward; she would have him
To chuse 'bove all the men she ever saw.
My Will goes not so fast, as her consent now;
Her duty gets before my command still.
Guard. Why then Sir, if you'll have me speak my thoughts,
I smell 'twill be a match.
Fab. I, and a sweet yong couple,
If I have any judgment.
Guard. Faith that's little:
Let her be sent to morrow before noon,
And handsomly trick'd up; for 'bout that time
I mean to bring her in, and tender her to him.
Fab. I warrant you for handsom, I will see
Her things laid ready, every one in order,
And have some part of her trick'd up to night.
Guard. Why well said.
Fab. 'Twas a use her Mother had,
When she was invited to an early wedding;
She'ld dress her head o'r night, spunge up her self,
And give her neck three lathers.
Guard. Ne'r a halter?
Fab. On with her chain of Pearl, her ruby Bracelets,
Lay ready all her tricks, and Jiggam-bobs.
Guard So must your daughter.
Fab. I'll about it straight Sir. *Exit* Fabritio.
Liv. How he sweats in the foolish zeal of Fatherhood,
After six ounces an hour, and seems
To toil as much as if his cares were wise ones!

Guard. Y'have let his folly blood in the right vein, Lady.

Liv. And here comes his ſweet Son-in-law that ſhall be;

They're both alli'd in wit before the marriage;
What will they be hereafter, when they are neerer?
Yet they can go no further then the Fool:
There's the worlds end in both of 'em.

Enter Ward and Sordido, *one with a Shittlecock, the other a Battledoor:*

Guard. Now yong heir!

Ward. What's the next buſineſs after Shittlecock now?

Guard. To morrow you ſhall ſee the Gentlewoman

Muſt be your wife.

Ward. There's ev'n an other thing too
Muſt be kept up with a pair of Battledoors.
My wife! what can ſhe do?

Guard. Nay that's a queſtion you ſhould ask your ſelf, Ward,

When y'are alone together.

Ward. That's as I liſt.
A wife's to be ask anywhere I hope;
I'll ask her in a Congregation, if I have a minde to't, and ſo ſave a Licence: My Guardiner has no more wit then an Herb-woman that ſells away all her ſweet Herbs and Noſe-gays, and keeps a ſtinking breath for her own Pottage.

Sord. Let me be at the chuſing of your beloved,
If you deſire a woman of good parts.

Ward. Thou ſhalt ſweet *Sordido.*

Sord. I have a plaguy gheſs, let me alone to ſee what ſhe is; if I but look upon her——way, I know

know all the faults to a hair, that you may refuse her for.

Ward. Do'ſt thou ! I prethee let me hear 'em *Sordido:*

Sord. Well, mark 'em then; I have 'em all in rime.

The wife your Guardiner ought to tender,
Should be pretty, ſtraight and ſlender;
Heir hair not ſhort, her foot not long,
Her hand not huge, nor too too loud her tongue:
No pearl in eye, nor ruby in her noſe,
No burn or cut, but what the Catalogue ſhows.
She muſt have teeth, and that no black ones,
And kiſs moſt ſweet when ſhe does ſmack once:
Her skin muſt be both white and plump,
Her body ſtraight, not hopper rumpt,
Or wriggle ſide-ways like a Crab;
She muſt be neither Slut nor Drab,
Nor go too ſplay-foot with her ſhooes,
To make her Smock lick up the dews.
And two things more, which I forgot to tell ye
She neither muſt have bump in back, nor belly:
Theſe are the faults that will not make her paſs.

Ward. And if I ſpie not theſe, I am a rank Aſs.

Sord. Nay more; by right Sir, you ſhould ſee her naked,
For that's the ancient order.

Ward. See her naked?
That were good ſport y'faith: I'll have the Books turn'd over;
And if I finde her naked on Record,
She ſhall not have a rag on: But ſtay, ſtay,
How if ſhe ſhould deſire to ſee me ſo too,
I were in a ſweet caſe then, ſuch a fowl skin:

Sord. But y'have a clean ſhirt, and that makes amends Sir.

Ward. I will not ſee her naked for that trick though. *Exit.*

Sord. Then take her with all faults, with her cloaths on!
And they may hide a number with a bum-roll.
'Faith chuſing of a Wench in a huge Farthingale,
Is like the buying of ware under a great Pent-houſe:
What with the deceit of one,
And the falſe light of th'other, mark my Speeches,
He may have a diſeas'd Wench in's Bed,
And rotten ſtuff in's Breeches. *Exit.*

Guard. It may take handſomly:

Liv. I ſee ſmall hind'rance:
How now, ſo ſoon return'd?

(*Enter Mother.*

Guard. She's come.

Liv. That's well.
Widdow, come, come, I have a great quarrel to you,
Faith I muſt chide you, that you muſt be ſent for!
You make your ſelf ſo ſtrange, never come at us;
And yet ſo neer a neighbor, and ſo unkinde;
Troth y'are too blame, you cannot be more welcome
To any houſe in *Florence*, that I'll tell you.

Moth. My thanks muſt needs acknowledge ſo much Madam:

Liv. How can you be ſo ſtrange then? I ſit here
Sometime whole days together without company,
When buſineſs draws this Gentleman from home,
And ſhould be happy in ſociety,
Which I ſo well affect, as that of yours.
I know y'are alone too; why ſhould not we
Like two kinde neighbors, then ſupply the wants

Of

Of one another, having tongue diſcourſe,
Experience in the world, and ſuch kinde helps
To laugh down time, and meet age meerly ?
Moth. Age (Madam) you ſpeak mirth; 'tis at my door,
But a long journey from your Ladiſhip yet.
Liv. My faith I'm nine and thirty, ev'ry ſtroak Wench,
And 'tis a general obſervation
Mongſt Knights, Wives, or Widows, we accompt
Our ſelves then old, when yong mens eyes leave looking at's:
'Tis a true rule amongſt us, and ne'r fail'd yet
In any but in one, that I remember;
Indeed ſhe had a friend at nine and forty;
Marry ſhe paid well for him, and in th'end
He kept a Quean or two with her own money,
That robb'd her of her plate, and cut her throat.
Moth. She had her puniſhment in this world (Madam)
And a fair warning to all other women,
That they live chaſte at fifty.
Liv. I, or never Wench:
Come, now I have thy company I'll not part with't
Till after ſupper.
Moth. Yes, I muſt crave pardon (Madam)
Liv. I ſwear you ſhall ſtay ſupper; we have no ſtrangers, woman,
None but my ſojourners and I; this Gentleman
And the yong heir his Ward; you know our company.
Moth. Some other time, I will make bold with you Madam.
Guard. Nay pray ſtay Widow.

Liv. 'Faith, ſhe ſhall not go;
Do you think I'll be forſworn? { *Table and*
Moth. 'Tis a great while { *--Cheſs.*
Till ſupper time; I'll take my leave then now (Madam)
And come again i'th' evening! ſince your Ladiſhip
Will have it ſo.
Liv. I'th' evening by my troth Wench,
I'll keep you while I have you; you have great buſineſs ſure,
To ſit alone at home; I wonder ſtrangely
What pleaſure you take in't! were't to me now
I ſhould be ever at one Neighbours houſe
Or other all day long; having no charge,
Or none to chide you, if you go, or ſtay,
Who may live merrier, I, or more at hearts-eaſe?
Come, we'll to Cheſs, or Draughts; there are an hundred tricks
To drive out time till Supper, never fear't Wench.
Moth. I'll but make one ſtep home, and return ſtraight (Madam)
Liv. Come, I'll not truſt you; you uſe more excuſes
To your kinde friends then ever I knew any.
What buſineſs can you have, if you be ſure
Y'have lock'd the doors? and that being all you have
I know y'are careful on't: one afternoon
So much to ſpend here! ſay I ſhould entreat you now
To lie a night or two, or a week with me,
Or leave your own houſe for a moneth together;
It were a kindneſs that long Neighborhood
And friendſhip might well hope to prevail in:
Would you deny ſuch a requeſt? y'faith,
Speak truth, and freely:
Moth. I were then uncivil Madam.

Liv.

Liv. Go too then, ſet your men; we'll have whole nights
Of mirth together, ere we be much older, Wench.
Moth. As good now tell her then, for ſhe will know't;
I have always found her a moſt friendly Lady.
Liv. Why Widow, where's your minde?
Moth. Troth ev'n at home Madam.
To tell you truth, I left a Gentlewoman
Ev'n ſitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,
Eſpecially to yong bloods.
Liv. Another excuſe!
Moth. No, as I hope for health, Madam, that's a truth;
Pleaſe you to ſend and ſee:
Liv. What Gentlewoman? piſh.
Moth. Wife to my ſon indeed, but not known (Madam)
To any but your ſelf.
Liv. Now I beſhrew you;
Could you be ſo unkinde to her and me,
To come and not bring her? Faith 'tis not friendly.
Moth. I fear'd to be too bold.
Liv. Too bold? Oh what's become
Of the true hearty love was wont to be
'Mongſt Neighbors in old time?
Moth. And ſhe's a ſtranger (Madam).
Liv. The more ſhould be her welcome; when is courteſie
In better practice, then when 'tis employ'd
In entertaining ſtrangers? I could chide y'Faith.
Leave her behinde, poor Gentlewoman, alone too!
Make ſome amends, and ſend for her betimes, go.
Moth. Pleaſe you command one of your Servants Madam.
Liv. Within there.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam.
Liv. Attend the Gentlewoman.
Moth. It muſt be carried wondrous privately
From my Sons knowledge, he'll break out in ſtorms elſe.
Hark you Sir.
Liv. Now comes in the heat of your part.
Guard. True, I know it (Lady) and if I be out,
May the Duke baniſh me from all employments,
Wanton, or ſerious.
Liv. So, have you ſent Widow?
Moth. Yes (Madam) he's almoſt at home by this.
Liv. And 'faith let me entreat you, that hence forward,
All ſuch unkinde faults may be ſwept from friendſhip,
Which does but dim the luſtre; and think thus much
It is a wrong to me, that have ability
To bid friends welcome, when you keep 'em from me,
You cannot ſet greater diſhonor neer me;
For Bounty is the credit and the glory
Of thoſe that have enough: I ſee y'are ſorry,
And the good mends is made by't.
Moth. Here ſhe's Madam:

Enter Brancha, *and Servant.*

Bran: I wonder how ſhe comes to ſend for me now?
Liv. Gentlewoman, y'are moſt welcome, truſt me y'are,

As

As curteſie can make one, or reſpect
Due to the preſence of you.
Bran. I give you thanks, Lady.
Liv. I heard you were alone, and 't had appear'd
An ill condition in me, though I knew you not,
Nor ever ſaw you, (yet humanity
Thinks ev'ry caſe her own) to have kept your company
Here from you, and left you all ſolitary:
I rather ventur'd upon boldneſs then
As the leaſt fault, and wiſh'd your preſence here;
A thing moſt happily motion'd of that Gentleman,
Whom I requeſt you, for his care and pity
To honor and reward with your acquaintance,
A Gentleman that Ladies rights ſtands for,
That's his profeſſion.
Bran. 'Tis a noble one, and honors my acquaintance.
Guard. All my intentions are ſervants to ſuch Miſtreſſes.
Bran. 'Tis your modeſty
It ſeems, that makes your deſerts ſpeak ſo low Sir.
Liv. Come Widow, look you Lady, here's our buſineſs;
Are we not well employ'd think you! an old quarrel
Between us, that will never be at an end.
Bran. No, and methinks there's men enough to part you (Lady):
Liv. Ho! but they ſet us on, let us come off
As well as we can, poor ſouls; men care no farther.
I pray ſit down forſooth, if you have the patience
To look upon two weak and tedious Gameſters.

Guard.

Guard. Faith Madam, ſet theſe by till evening,
You'll have enough on't then; the Gentlewoman
Being a ſtranger, would take more delight
To ſee your rooms and pictures:

Liv. Marry, good Sir,
And well remembred, I beſeech you ſhew 'em her;
That will beguile time well; pray heartily do Sir,
I'll do as much for you; here take theſe keys,
Shew her the Monument too, and that's a thing
Every one ſees not; you can witneſs that Widow.

Moth. And that's worth ſight indeed, Madam.

Bran. Kinde Lady,
I fear I came to be a trouble to you.

Liv. Oh nothing leſs forſooth.

Bran. And to this courteous Gentleman,
That wears a kindneſs in his Breſt ſo noble
And bounteous to the welcome of a ſtranger.

Guard. If you but give acceptance to my ſervice,
You do the greateſt grace and honor to me
That curteſie can merit.

Bran. I were too blame elſe,
And out of faſhion much. I pray you lead Sir.

Liv. After a game or two, w'are for you Gentlefolks.

Guard. We wiſh no better ſeconds in Society
Then your diſcourſes, Madam, and your partners there.

Moth. I thank your praiſe, I liſten'd to you Sir;
Though when you ſpoke, there came a paltry Rook
Full in my way, and choaks up all my game:

Exit Guardiano & Brancha.

Liv. Alas poor Widow, I ſhall be too hard for thee.

Moth. Y'are cunning at the game, I'll be ſworn (Madam).

Liv. It will be found ſo, ere I give you over:

She

She that can place her man well,
Moth. As you do (Madam):
Liv: As I ſhall (Wench) can never loſe her game;
Nay, nay, the black King's mine.
Moth. Cry you mercy (Madam).
Liv. And this my Queen.
Moth. I ſee't now.
Liv. Here's a Duke
Will ſtrike a ſure ſtroke for the game anon;
Your pawn cannot come back to relieve it ſelf.
Moth. I know that (Madam.)
Liv. You play well the whilſt;
How ſhe belies her skill! I hold two duckats,
I give you Check and Mate to your white King:
Simplicity it ſelf, your Saintiſh King there.
Moth. Well, ere now Lady
I have ſeen the fall of Subtilty: Jeſt on.
Liv. I but Simplicitie receives two for one.
Moth. What remedy but patience!

Enter above Guardiano *and* Brancha.

Bran: Truſt me Sir,
Mine eye nev'r met with fairer Ornaments.
Guard. Nay, livelier, I'm perſwaded, neither *Florence*
Nor *Venice* can produce.
Bran. Sir, my opinion
Takes your part highly.
Guard. There's a better peece
Yet then all theſe: — *Duke above*
Bran. Not poſſible Sir!
Guard. Believe it
You'll ſay ſo when you ſee't: Turn but your eye now
Y'are upon't preſently. *Exit.*
Bran.

Bran. Oh Sir.

Duke. He's gone Beauty!
Piſh, look not after him: He's but a vapor,
That when the Sun appears, is ſeen no more.

Bran. Oh treachery to honor!

Duke. Prethee tremble not;
I feel thy breſt ſhake like a Turtle panting
Under a loving hand that makes much on't;
Why art ſo fearful? as I'm friend to brightneſs,
There's nothing but reſpect and honor near thee:
You know me, you have ſeen me; here's a heart
Can witneſs I have ſeen thee.

Bran. The more's my danger.

Duke. The more's thy happineſs: Piſh ſtrive not Sweet;
This ſtrength were excellent employ'd in love now,
But here's 'tis ſpent amiſs; ſtrive not to ſeek
Thy liberty, and keep me ſtill in priſon.
'Yfaith you ſhall not out, till I'm releaſt now;
We'll be both freed together, or ſtay ſtill by't;
So is captivity pleaſant.

Bran. Oh my Lord.

Duke. I am not here in vain; have but the leiſure
To think on that, and thou'lt be ſoon reſolv'd:
The lifting of thy voice, is but like one
That does exalt his enemy, who proving high,
Lays all the plots to confound him that rais'd him.
Take warning I beſeech thee; thou ſeem'ſt to me
A creature ſo compos'd of gentleneſs,
And delicate meekneſs; ſuch as bleſs the faces
Of figures that are drawn for Goddeſſes,
And makes Art proud to look upon her work:
I ſhould be ſorry the leaſt force ſhould lay
An unkinde touch upon thee.

Bran. Oh my extremity!
My Lord, what ſeek you?

Duke.

Duke. Love.
Bran. 'Tis gone already,
I have a husband.
Duke. That's a ſingle comfort,
Take a friend to him.
Bran. That's a double miſcheif,
Or elſe there's no Religion.
Duke. Do not tremble
At fears of thine own making.
Bran. Nor great Lord,
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruine
Becauſe they fear not you; me they muſt fright;
Then am I beſt in health: Should thunder ſpeak,
And none regard it, it had loſt the name,
And were as good be ſtill. I'm not like thoſe
That take their ſoundeſt ſleeps in greateſt tempeſts,
Then wake I moſt, the weather fearfulleſt,
And call for ſtrength to vertue.
Duke. Sure I think
Thou know'ſt the way to pleaſe me. I affect
A paſſionate pleading, 'bove an eaſie yeilding,
But never pitied any, they deſerve none
That will not pity me: I can command,
Think upon that; yet if thou truly knoweſt
The infinite pleaſure my affection takes
In gentle, fair entrearings, when loves buſineſſes
Are carried curteouſly 'twixt heart and heart,
You'ld make more haſte to pleaſe me.
Bran. Why ſhould you ſeek it,
To take away that you can never give?
Duke. But I give better in exchange; wealth, honor:
She that is fortunate in a Dukes favor,
Lights on a Tree that bears all womens wiſhes:
If your own Mother ſaw you pluck fruit there,
She would commend your wit, and praiſe the time

Of your Nativity, take hold of glory.
Do not I know y'have caſt away your life
Upon neceſſities, means meerly doubtful
To keep you in indifferent health and faſhion.
(A thing I heard too lately, and ſoon pitied)
And can you be ſo much your Beauties enemy,
To kiſs away a moneth or two in wedlock,
And weep whole years in wants for ever after?
Come play the wife wench, and provide for ever;
Let ſtorms come when they liſt, they finde thee ſhelter'd:
Should any doubt ariſe, let nothing trouble thee;
Put truſt in our love for the managing
Of all to thy hearts peace. We'll walk together,
And ſhew a thankful joy for both our fortunes.

Exit above.

Liv. Did not I ſay my Duke would fetch you over (Widow)?

Moth. I think you ſpoke in earneſt when you ſaid it (Madam).

Liv. And my black King makes all the haſte he can too.

Moth. Well (Madam) we may meet with him in time yet.

Liv. I have given thee blinde mate twice.

Moth. You may ſee (Madam)
My eyes begin to fail.

Liv. I'll ſwear they do, Wench.

Enter Guardiano.

Guard. I can but ſmile as often as I think on't,
How prettily the poor fool was beguild:
How unexpectedly; it's a witty age,
Never were finer ſnares for womens honeſties
Then are deviſ'd in theſe days; no Spiders web

Made

Made of a daintier thred, then are now practis'd
To catch loves fleſh-flie by the ſilver wing:
Yet to prepare her ſtomach by degrees
To *Cupids* feaſt, becauſe I ſaw 'twas quezy,
I ſhew'd her naked pictures by the way;
A bit to ſtay the appetite. Well, Advancement!
I venture hard to finde thee; if thou com'ſt
With a greater title ſet upon thy Creſt,
I'll take that firſt croſs patiently, and wait
Until ſome other comes greater then that.
I'll endure all.

Liv. The game's ev'n at the beſt now; you may ſee Widow
How all things draw to an end.

Moth. Ev'n ſo do I Madam,

Liv. I pray take ſome of your neighbors along with you.

Moth. They muſt be thoſe are almoſt twice your years then,
If they be choſe fit matches for my time, Madam.

Liv. Has not my Duke beſtir'd himſelf?

Moth. Yes faith Madam; h'as done me all the miſchief in this Game.

Liv. H'as ſhew'd himſelf in's kinde.

Moth. In's kinde, call you it? I may ſwear that.

Liv. Yes faith, and keep your oath.

Guard. Hark, liſt, there's ſome body coming down; 'tis ſhe.

Enter Brancha.

Bran. Now bleſs me from a blaſting; I ſaw that now,
Fearful for any womans eye to look on;
Infectious miſts, and mill-dews hang at's eyes:

The weather of a doomſday dwells upon him.
Yet ſince mine honors Leprous, who ſhould I
Preſerve that fair that caus'd the Leproſie?
Come poyſon all at once: Thou in whoſe baſeneſs
The bane of Vertue broods, I'm bound in Soul
Eternally to curſe thy ſmooth brow'd treachery,
That wore the fair vail of a friendly welcome,
And I a ſtranger; think upon't, 'tis worth it.
Murders pil'd up upon a guilty ſpirit,
At his laſt breath will not lie heavier
Then this betraying Act upon thy Conſcience:
Beware of offring the firſt-fruits to ſin;
His weight is deadly, who commits with ſtrumpets,
After they have been abas'd, and made for uſe;
If they offend to th'death, as wiſe men know,
How much more they then that firſt make 'em ſo?
I give thee that to feed on; I'm made bold now,
I thank thy treachery; ſin and I'm acquainted,
No couple greater; and I'm like that great one,
Who making politick uſe of a baſe villain,
He likes the Treaſon well, but hates the Trayter;
So I hate thee ſlave.

Guard. Well, ſo the Duke love me,
I fare not much amiſs then; two great Feaſts
Do ſeldom come together in one day;
We muſt not look for 'em.

Bran. What at it ſtill Mother?

Moth. You ſee we ſit by't; are you ſo ſoon return'd?

Liv. So lively, and ſo chearful, a good ſign that.

Moth. You have not ſeen all ſince ſure?

Bran. That have I Mother,
The Monument and all: I'm ſo beholding

To

To this kinde, honeſt, curteous Gentleman,
You'ld little think it (Mother) ſhow'd me all,
Had me from place to place, ſo faſhionably;
The kindneſs of ſome people, how't exceeds?
'Faith, I have ſeen that I little thought to ſee,
I'th' morning when I roſe.
Moth. Nay, ſo I told you
Before you ſaw't, it would prove worth your ſight.
I give you great thanks for my daughter Sir,
And all your kindneſs towards her.
Guard. O good Widow!
Much good may do her; forty weeks hence, y'faith.

Enter Servant.

Liv. Now Sir.
Serv. May't pleaſe you Madam to walk in,
Supper's upon the Table?
Liv. Yes, we come;
Wilt pleaſe you Gentlewoman?
Bran. Thanks vertuous Lady,
(Y'are a damn'd Baud) I'll follow you forſooth,
Pray take my Mother in, an old Aſs go with you;
This Gentleman and I vow not to part.
Liv. Then get you both before.
Bran. There lies his art. *Exeunt.*
Liv. Widow I'll follow you; is't ſo, Damn'd Baud?
Are you ſo bitter? 'Tis but want of uſe;
Her tender modeſty is Sea-ſick a little,
Being not accuſtom'd to the breaking billow
Of Womans wavering Faith, blown with temptations.

'Tis but a qualm of honor, 'twill away,
A little bitter for the time, but lasts not.
Sin tastes at the first draught like Worm-wood Water,
But drunk again, 'tis *Nectar* ever after. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scæn. 1.

Enter Mother.

Moth. I Would my Son would either keep at home,
Or I were in my grave; she was but one day abroad, but ever since
She's grown so cutted, there's no speaking to her:
Whether the sight of great chear at my Ladies,
And such mean fare at home, work discontent in her,
I know not; but I'm sure she's strangely alter'd.
I'll nev'r keep daughter-in-law i'th' house with me
Again, if I had an hundred: When read I of any
That agreed long together, but she and her mother
Fell out in the first quarter! nay, sometime
A grudging of a scolding the first week by'r Lady;
So takes the new disease methinks in my house;
I'm weary of my part, there's nothing likes her;
I know not how to please her, here a-late;
And here she comes.

Enter Brancha:

Bran: This is the strangest house
For all defects, as ever Gentlewoman

Made

Made ſhift withal, to paſs away her love in:
Why is there not a Cuſhion-cloth of Drawn work,
Or ſome fair Cut-work pin'd up in my Bed-chamber?
A ſilver and gilt-caſting Bottle hung by't?
Nay, ſince I am content to be ſo kinde to you,
To ſpare you for a ſilver Baſon and Ewre,
Which one of my faſhion looks for of duty;
She's never offered under, where ſhe ſleeps.
Moth. She talks of things here my whole ſtate's not worth.
Bran. Never a green ſilk quilt is there i'th' houſe Mother,
To caſt upon my Bed?
Moth. No by troth is there,
Nor orange tawny neither.
Bran. Here's a houſe
For a yong Gentlewoman to be got with childe in.
Moth. Yes, ſimple though you make it, there has been three
Got in a year in't, ſince you move me to't;
And all as ſweet fac'd children, and as lovely,
As you'll be Mother of; I will not ſpare you:
What cannot children be begot think you,
Without gilt caſting Bottles? Yes, and as ſweet ones.
The Millers daughter brings forth as white boys,
As ſhe that bathes her ſelf with Milk and Bean flower.
'Tis an old ſaying, One may keep gook cheer
In a mean houſe; ſo may true love affect
After the rate of Princes in a Cottage.
Bran. Troth you ſpeak wondrous well for your old houſe here;
'Twill ſhortly fall down at your feet to thank you,
Or ſtoop when you go to Bed, like a good childe

To ask you bleſſing. Muſt I live in want,
Becauſe my fortune matcht me with your Son?
Wives do not give away themſelves to husbands,
To the end to be quite caſt away; they look
To be the better us'd, and tender'd rather,
Highlier reſpected, and maintain'd the richer;
They're well rewarded elſe for the free gift
Of their whole life to a husband. I ask leſs now
Then what I had at home when I was a Maid,
And at my Fathers houſe, kept ſhort of that
Which a wife knows ſhe muſt have, nay, and will;
Will Mother, if ſhe be not a fool born;
And report went of me, that I could wrangle
For what I wanted when I was two hours old,
And by that copy, this Land ſtill I hold.
You hear me Mother. *Exit.*

Moth. I too plain methinks;
And were I ſomewhat deafer when you ſpake,
'Twere nev'r awhit the worſe for my quietneſs:
'Tis the moſt ſudden'ſt, ſtrangeſt alteration,
And the moſt ſubtileſt that ev'r wit at threeſcore
Was puzzled to finde out: I know no cauſe for't; but
She's no more like the Gentlewoman at firſt,
Then I am like her that nev'r lay with man yet,
And ſhe's a very yong thing where ere ſhe be;
When ſhe firſt lighted here, I told her then
How mean ſhe ſhould finde all things; ſhe was pleas'd forſooth,
None better: I laid open all defects to her,
She was contented ſtill; but the Devil's in her,
Nothing contents her now: To night my Son
Promiſd to be at home, would he were come once,
For I'm weary of my charge, and life too:

She'ld

She'ld be ſerv'd all in ſilver by her good will,
By night and day; ſhe hates the name of Pewterer,
More then ſickmen the noiſe, or diſeas'd bones
That quake at fall o'th' Hammer, ſeeming to have
A fellow-feeling with't at every blow:
What courſe ſhall I think on? ſhe frets me ſo.

Enter Leantio.

Lean. How near am I now to a happineſs,
That Earth exceeds not? not another like it;
The treaſures of the deep are not ſo precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man,
Lockt up in womans love. I ſent the air
Of Bleſſings when I come but near the houſe;
What a delicious breath Marriage ſends forth!
The Violet-beds not ſweeter. Honeſt wedlock
Is like a Banquetting-houſe built in a Garden,
On which the Springs chaſte flowers take delight
To caſt their modeſt odors; when baſe Luſt
With all her powders, paintings, and beſt pride,
Is but a fair houſe built by a Ditch ſide.
When I behold a glorious dangerous Strumpet,
Sparkling in Beauty and Deſtruction too,
Both at a twinkling, I do liken ſtraight
Her beautifi'd body to a goodly Temple
That's built on Vaults where Carkaſſes lie rotting,
And ſo by little and little I ſhrink back again,
And quench deſire with a cool Meditation,
And I'm as well methinks: Now for a welcome

Able to draw mens envies upon man:
A kiſs now that will hang upon my lip,
As ſweet as morning dew upon a Roſe,
And full as long; after a five days faſt
She'll be ſo greedy now, and cling about me;
I take care how I ſhall be rid of her,
And here't begins.

Bran. Oh Sir, y'are welcome home.

Moth. Oh is he come, I am glad on't,

Lean. Is that all?
Why this? as dreadful now as ſudden death
To ſome rich man, that flatters all his ſins
With promiſe of Repentance, when he's old,
And dies in the midway before he comes to't.
Sure y'are not well, *Brancha!* How do'ſt prethee?

Bran. I have been better then I am at this time.

Lean. Alas, I thought ſo.

Bran. Nay, I have been worſe too,
Then now you ſee me Sir.

Lean. I'm glad thou mendſt yet,
I feel my heart mend too: How came it to thee?
Has any thing diſlik'd thee in my abſence?

Bran. No certain, I have had the beſt content
That *Florence* can afford.

Lean. Thou makeſt the beſt on't,
Speak Mother, what's the cauſe? you muſt needs know.

Moth. Troth I know none Son, let her ſpeak her ſelf;
Unleſs it be the ſame 'gave *Lucifer* a tumbling caſt; that's pride.

Bran. Methinks this houſe ſtands nothing to my minde;
I'ld have ſome pleaſant lodging i'th' high ſtreet Sir,
Or if 'twere neer the Court Sir, that were much better;

'Tis

'Tis a ſweet recreation for a Gentlewoman,
To ſtand in a Bay-window, and ſee gallants.
Lean. Now I have another temper, a meer ſtranger
To that of yours, it ſeems; I ſhould delight
To ſee none but your ſelf.
Bran. I praiſe not that:
Too fond is as unſeemly as too churliſh;
I would not have a husband of that proneneſs,
To kiſs me before company, for a world:
Beſide 'tis tedious to ſee one thing ſtill (Sir)
Be it the beſt that ever heart affected;
Nay, wer't your ſelf, whoſe love had power you know
To bring me from my friends, I would not ſtand thus,
And gaze upon you always: Troth I could not Sir;
As good be blinde, and have no uſe of ſight
As look on one thing ſtill: What's the eyes treaſure,
But change of objects? You are learned Sir,
And know I ſpeak not ill; 'till full as vertuous
For womans eye to look on ſeveral men,
As for her heart (Sir) to be fixed on one.
Lean. Now thou com'ſt home to me; a kiſs for that word.
Bran. No matter for a kiſs Sir, let it paſs,
'Tis but a toy, we'll not ſo much as minde it,
Let's talk of other buſineſs, and forget it.
What news now of the Pirats, any ſtirring?
Prethee diſcourſe a little:
Moth. I am glad he's here yet
To ſee her tricks himſelf; I had lied monſt'rouſly,
If I had told 'em firſt.
Lean. Speak what's the humor (Sweet)
You make your lip ſo ſtrange? this was not wont.
Bran. Is there no kindneſs betwixt man and wife,
Unleſs

Unleſs they make a Pigeon-houſe of friendſhip,
And be ſtill billing; 'tis the idleſt fondneſs
That ever was invented, and 'tis pity
Its grown a faſhion for poor Gentlewomen;
There's many a diſeaſe kiſs'd in a year by't,
And a French curſie made to't: Alas Sir,
Think of the world, how we ſhall live, grow ſerious;
We have been married a whole fortnight now.

Lean. How? a whole fortnight! why is that ſo long?

Bran. 'Tis time to leave off dalliance; 'tis a doctrine
Of your own teaching, if you be remembred,
And I was bound to obey it.

Moth. Here's one fits him;
This was well catch'd y'faith Son, like a fellow
That rids another Countrey of a Plague,
And brings it home with him to his own houſe. { *Knock within.*
Who knocks?

Lean. Who's there now? withdraw you *Brancha*,
Thou art a Jem no ſtrangers eye muſt ſee,
How ev'r thou pleas'd now to look dull on me.

Exit.

Enter Meſſenger.

Y'are welcome Sir; to whom your buſineſs, pray?

Meſs. To one I ſee not here now.

Lean. Who ſhould that be Sir?

Meſs. A yong Gentlewoman, I was ſent to.

Lean. A yong Gentlewoman?

Meſs. I Sir, about ſixteen; why look you wildly Sir?

Lean.

Lean. At your ſtrange error: Y'have miſtook the houſe Sir.
There's none ſuch here, I aſſure you.
Meſs. I aſſure you too,
The man that ſent me, cannot be miſtook.
Lean. Why, who is't ſent you Sir?
Meſs. The Duke:
Lean. The Duke?
Meſs. Yes, he entreates her company at a Banquet
At Lady *Livia's* houſe:
Lean. Troth ſhall I tell you Sir,
It is the moſt erroneous buſineſs
That ere your honeſt pains was abus'd with;
I pray forgive me, if I ſmile a little,
I cannot chuſe y'faith Sir, at an error
So Comical as this (I mean no harm though)
His grace has been moſt wondrous ill inform'd,
Pray ſo return it (Sir). What ſhould her name be?
Meſs. That I ſhall tell you ſtraight too; *Brancha Capella.*
Lean. How Sir, *Brancha?* What do you call th'other.
Meſs. Capella; Sir, it ſeems you know no ſuch then?
Lean. Who ſhould this be? I never heard o'th' name.
Meſs. Then 'tis a ſure miſtake.
Lean. What if you enquir'd
In the next ſtreet Sir? I ſaw Gallants there
In the new houſes that are built of late.
Ten to one, there you finde her.
Meſs. Nay no matter,
I will return the miſtake, and ſeek no further.
Lean. Uſe your own will and pleaſure Sir, y'are welcome. *Exit Meſſenger.*

What

What ſhall I think of firſt? Come forth *Brancha*,
Thou art betraid I fear me.

Enter Brancha.

Bran. Betraid, how Sir?
Lean. The Duke knows thee.
Bran. Knows me! how know you that Sir?
Lean. Has got thy name.
Bran. I, and my good name too,
That's worſe o'th' twain.
Lean. How comes this work about?
Bran. How ſhould the Duke know me? can you gheſs Mother?
Moth. Not I with all my wits, ſure we kept houſe cloſe.
Lean. Kept cloſe! not all the Locks in *Italy*
Can keep you women ſo; you have been gadding,
And ventur'd out at twilight, to th' Court-green yonder,
And met the gallant Bowlers coming home;
Without your Masks too, both of you, I'll be hang'd elſe;
Thou haſt been ſeen *Brancha* by ſome ſtranger;
Never excuſe it.
Bran. I'll not ſeek the way Sir;
Do you think y'have married me to mew me up
Not to be ſeen; what would you make of me?
Lean. A good wife, nothing elſe.
Bran. Why, ſo are ſome
That are ſeen ev'ry day, elſe the Devil take 'em.
Lean. No more then I believe all vertuous in thee,
Without an argument; 'twas but thy hard chance
To be ſeen ſomewhere, there lies all the miſchief;
But I have devis'd a riddance.

Moth.

Moth. Now I can tell you Son,
The time and place.
Lean. When, where?
Moth. What wits have I?
When you laſt took your leave, if you remember,
You left us both at Window.
Lean. Right, I know that.
Moth. And not the third part of an hour after,
The Duke paſt by in a great ſolemnity,
To St. *Marks* Temple, and to my apprehenſion
He look'd up twice to th' Window.
Lean. Oh there quick'ned
The miſcheif of this hour!
Bran. If you call't miſcheif,
It is a thing I fear I am conceiv'd with:
Lean. Look'd he up twice, and could you take no warning!
Moth. Why once may do as much harm Son, as a thouſand;
Do not you know one ſpark has fir'd an houſe,
As well as a whole Furnace?
Lean. My heart flames for't,
Yet let's be wiſe, and keep all ſmother'd cloſely;
I have bethought a means; is the door faſt?
Moth. I lockt it my ſelf after him.
Lean. You know Mother,
At the end of the dark Parlor there's a place
So artificially contriv'd for a Conveyance,
No ſearch could ever finde it: When my Father
Kept in for man-ſlaughter, it was his Sanctuary;
There will I lock my lifes beſt treaſure up.
Brancha?
Bran. Would you keep me cloſer yet?
Have you the conſcience? y'are beſt ev'n choke me up Sir?
You make me fearful of your health and wits,

You

You cleave to ſuch wilde courſes, what's the matter?

Lean. Why, are you ſo inſenſible of your danger
To ask that now? the Duke himſelf has ſent for you
To Lady *Livia's*, to a Banquet forſooth.

Bran. Now I beſhrew you heartily, has he ſo!
And you the man would never yet vouchſafe
To tell me on't till now: You ſhew your loyalty
And honeſty at once, and ſo farewel Sir.

Lean. Brancha, whether now?

Bran: Why to the Duke Sir.
You ſay he ſent for me.

Lean. But thou doſt not mean to go, I hope.

Bran. No? I ſhall prove unmannerly;
Rude, and uncivil, mad, and imitate you.
Come Mother come, follow his humor no longer,
We ſhall be all executed for treaſon ſhortly.

Moth. Not I y'faith; I'll firſt obey the Duke,
And taſte of a good Banquet, I'm of thy minde.
I'll ſtep but up, and fetch two Handerchiefs
To pocket up ſome Sweet-meats, and o'r take thee;
Exit.

Bran. Why here's an old Wench would trot into a Baud now,
For ſome dry Sucket, or a Colt in March-pain. *Exit.*

Lean. Oh thou the ripe time of mans miſery, wedlock;
When all his thoughts like over laden Trees,
Crack with the Fruits they bear, in cares, in jealouſies.
Oh that's a fruit that ripens haſtily,
After 'tis knit to marriage; it begins
As ſoon as the Sun ſhines upon the Bride
A little to ſhew colour. Bleſſed Powers!

Whence

Whence comes this alteration! the diſtractions,
The fears and doubts it brings are numberleſs,
And yet the cauſe I know not: What a peace
Has he that never marries! if he knew
The benefit he enjoy'd, or had the fortune
To come and ſpeak with me, he ſhould know then
The infinite wealth he had, and diſcern rightly
The greatneſs of his treaſure by my loſs:
Nay, what a quietneſs has he 'bove mine,
That wears his youth out in a ſtrumpets arms,
And never ſpends more care upon a woman,
Then at the time of Luſt; but walks away,
And if he finde her dead at his return,
His pitty is ſoon done, he breaks a ſigh
In many parts, and gives her but a peece on't!
But all the fears, ſhames, jealouſies, coſts and troubles,
And ſtill renew'd cares of a marriage Bed,
Live in the iſſue, when the wife is dead.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſs. A good perfection to your thoughts.
Lean. The news Sir?
Meſs. Though you were pleas'd of late to pin an error on me,
You muſt not ſhift another in your ſtead too:
The Duke has ſent me for you.
Lean. How for me Sir?
I ſee then 'tis my theft; w'are both betraid:
Well, I'm not the firſt h'as ſtoln away a Maid,
My Countrymen have us'd it: I'll along with you Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæn 2. *A Banquet prepared: Enter* Guardiano *and Ward:*

Guard. Take you eſpecial note of ſuch a Gentlewoman,
She's here on purpoſe, I have invited her,
Her Father, and her Uncle, to this Banquet;
Mark her behavior well, it does concern you;
And what her good parts are, as far as time
And place can modeſtly require a knowledge of,
Shall be laid open to your underſtanding.
You know I'm both your Guardian, and your Uncle,
My care of you is double, Ward and Nephew,
And I'll expreſs it here.
Ward. Faith, I ſhould know her
Now by her mark among a thouſand women:
A lettle pretty deft and tidy thing you ſay:
Guard. Right.
Ward. With a luſty ſprouting ſprig in her hair.
Guard: Thou goeſt the right way ſtill; take one mark more,
Thou ſhalt nev'r finde her hand out of her Uncles,
Or elſe his out of hers, if ſhe be near him:
The love of kinred, never yet ſtuck cloſer
Then their's to one another; he that weds her,
Marries her Uncles heart too. *Cornets.*
Ward. Say you ſo Sir,
Then I'll be ask'd i'th' Church to both of them:
Guard. Fall back, here comes the Duke.
Ward. He brings a Gentlewoman,
I ſhould fall forward rather.

Enter

Enter Duke, Brancha, Fabritio, Hippolito, Livia, *Mother*, Iſabella, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Come *Brancha*,
Of purpoſe ſent into the world to ſhew
Perfection once in woman; I'll believe
Hence forward they have ev'ry one a Soul too
'Gainſt all the uncurteous opinions
That mans uncivil rudeneſs ever held of 'em.
Glory of *Florence* light into mine arms!

Enter Leantio.

Bran. Yon comes a grudging man will chide you Sir;
The ſtorm is now in's heart, and would get nearer,
And fall here if it durſt, it powres down yonder.
Duke. If that be he, the weather ſhall ſoon clear.
Liſt, and I'll tell thee how.
Lean. A kiſſing too?
I ſee 'tis plain Luſt now; Adultery boldned;
What will it prove anon, when 'tis ſtufft full
Of Wine and Sweet-meats, being ſo impudent Faſting?
Duke. We have heard of your good parts Sir, which we honor
With our embrace and love; is not the Captainſhip
Of *Rouans* Cittadel, ſince the late deceas'd,
Suppli' by any yet?
Gentlem. By none my Lord.
Duke. Take it, the place is yours then, and as faithfulneſs
And deſert grows, our favor ſhall grow with't:
Riſe now the Captain of our Fort at *Rouans*.
Lean. The ſervice of whole life give your Grace thanks.

Duke. Come ſit *Brancha.*

Lean. This is ſome good yet,
And more then ev'r I look'd for, a fine bit
To ſtay a Cuckolds ſtomach: All preferment
That ſprings from ſin and luſt, it ſhoots up quickly,
As Gardiners crops do in the rotten'ſt grounds;
So is all means rais'd from baſe proſtitution,
Ev'n like a Sallet growing upon a dunghil:
I'm like a thing that never was yet heard of,
Half merry, and half mad, much like a fellow
That eats his meat with a good appetite,
And wears a plague-ſore that would fright a Country;
Or rather like the barren hardned Aſs,
That feeds on Thiſtles till he bleeds again;
And ſuch is the condition of my miſery.

Liv. Is that your Son widow?

Moth. Yes, did your Ladiſhip never know that till now?

Liv. No truſt me did I,
Nor ever truly felt the power of love,
And pitty to a man, till now I knew him;
I have enough to buy me my deſires,
And yet to ſpare; that's one good comfort. Hark you?
Pray let me ſpeak with you Sir, before you go.

Lean. With me Lady? you ſhall, I am at your ſervice:
What will ſhe ſay now trow, more goodneſs yet?

Ward. I ſee her now I'm ſure; the Ape's ſo little,
I ſhall ſcarce feel her; I have ſeen almoſt
As tall as ſhe, ſold in the Fair for ten pence.
See how ſhe ſimpers it, as if Marmalad
Would not melt in her mouth; ſhe might have the kindneſs y'faith
To ſend me a guilded Bull from her own Trencher,

A Ram, a Goat, or ſomewhat to be nibling.
Theſe women when they come to ſweet things once,
They forget all their friends, they grow ſo greedy;
Nay, oftentimes their husbands.
Duke. Here's a health now Gallants,
To the beſt beauty at this day in *Florence.*
Bran. Who ere ſhe be, ſhe ſhall not go unpledg'd Sir.
Duke. Nay, your excus'd for this.
Bran. Who I my Lord?
Duke. Yes by the Law of *Bacchus*; plead your benefit,
You are not bound to pledge your own health Lady.
Bran. That's a good way my Lord to keep me dry.
Duke. Nay, then I will not offend *Venus* ſo much,
Let *Bacchus* ſeek his mends in another Court,
Here's to thy ſelf *Brancha.*
Bran. Nothing comes
More welcome to that name then your Grace.
Lean. So, ſo;
Here ſtands the poor theif now that ſtole the treaſure,
And he's not thought on, ours is near kin now
To a twin-miſery born into the world.
Firſt the hard conſcienc'd-worldling, he hoords wealth up,
Then comes the next, and he feaſts all upon't;
One's damn'd for getting, th'other for ſpending on't:
Oh equal Juſtice, thou has't met my ſin
With a full weight, I'm rightly now oppreſt,
All her friends heavy hearts lie in my Breſt.
Duke. Methinks there is no ſpirit amongſt us Gallants,
But what divinely ſparkles from the eyes
Of bright *Brancha*; we ſat all in darkneſs,

But for that Splendor: Who was't told us lately
Of a match making right, a marriage tender?
Guard. 'Twas I my Lord.
Duke. 'Twas you indeed: Where is she?
Guard. This is the Gentlewoman.
Fab: My Lord, my Daughter.
Duke. Why here's some ſtirring yet.
Fab. She's a dear childe to me.
Duke. That muſt needs be; you ſay ſhe is your Daughter.
Fab. Nay, my good Lord, dear to my purſe I mean
Beſide my perſon, I nev'r reckon'd that.
She has the full qualities of a Gentlewoman;
I have brought her up to Muſick, Dancing, what not,
That may commend her Sex, and ſtir her husband?
Duke. And which is he now?
Guard. This yong Heir, my Lord.
Duke. What is he brought up too?
Hip. To Cat and Trap.
Guard. My Lord, he's a great Ward, wealthy, but ſimple;
His parts conſiſt in Acres.
Duke. Oh Wiſe-acres.
Guard. Y'have ſpoke him in a word Sir:
Bran. 'Laſs poor Gentlewoman,
She's ill beſtead, unleſs ſh'as dealt the wiſelier,
And laid in more proviſion for her youth:
Fools will not keep in Summer.
Lean. No, nor ſuch wives
From whores in winter.
Duke. Yea, the voice too Sir!
Fab. I, and a ſweet Breſt too my Lord, I hope,
Or I have caſt away my money wiſely;
She took her prickſong earlier, my Lord,

Then

Then any of her kinred ever did:
A rare childe, though I ſay't, but I'ld not have
The Baggage hear ſo much, 'twould make her ſwell ſtraight:
And Maids of all things muſt not be puſt up.

Duke. Let's turn us to a better Banquet then,
For Muſick bids the ſoul of a man to a Feaſt,
And that's indeed, a noble entertainment,
Worthy *Brancha's* ſelf; you ſhall perceive Beauty,
Our *Florentine* Damſels are not brought up idlely.

Bran. They'are wiſer of themſelves, it ſeems my Lord,
And can take gifts, when goodneſs offers 'em.

Muſick.

Lean. True, and damnation has taught you that wiſdom,
You can take gifts too. Oh that Muſick mocks me!

Liv. I am as dumb to any language now;
But Loves, as one that never learn'd to ſpeak:
I am not yet ſo old, but he may think of me;
My own fault, I have been idle a long time;
But I'll begin the week, and paint to morrow,
So follow my true labor day by day.
I never thriv'd ſo well, as when I us'd it.

SONG.

WHat harder chance can fall to woman,
Who was born to cleave to ſome-man;
Then to beſtow her time, youth, beauty,
Life's obſervance, honor, duty,
On a thing for no uſe good,
But to make Phyſick work, or blood force freſh

Ward. Here's a tune indeed; Piſh I had rather hear one Ballad ſung i'th' Noſe now, of the lamentable drowning of fat Sheep and Oxen, then all theſe ſimpering tunes plaid

In an old Ladies cheek, she that would be
Mother of fools, let her compound with me,

upon Cats-guts, and ſung by little Kitlings.

Fab. How like you her Breſt now my Lord?
Bran. Her Breſt?
He talks as if his daughter had given ſuck
Before ſhe were married, as her betters have;
The next he praiſes ſure, will be her Nipples.
Duke. Methinks now, ſuch a voice to ſuch a husband,
Is like a Jewel of unvalued worth,
Hung at a Fools ear.
Fab. May it pleaſe your Grace
To give her leave to ſhew another Quality.
Duke. Marry as many good ones as you will Sir,
The more the better welcome.
Lean. But the leſs
The better practis'd: That ſoul's black indeed
That cannot commend Vertue; but who keeps it!
The Extortioner will ſay to a ſick begger,
Heaven comfort thee, though he give none himſelf:
This good is common.
Fab. Will it pleaſe you now Sir,
To entreat your Ward to take her by the hand,
And lead her in a dance before the Duke?
Guard. That will I Sir, 'tis needful; hark you Nephew:
Fab. Nay, you ſhall ſee yong heir, what y'have for your money,
Without fraud or impoſture.
Ward. Dance with her!
Not I ſweet Gardiner, do not urge my heart to't,
'Tis clean againſt my Blood; dance with a ſtranger!

Let

Let who's will do't, I'll not begin firſt with her.
Hip. No fear't not fool, ſh'as took a better order.
Guard. Why who ſhall take her then?
Ward. Some other Gentleman;
Look, there's her Uncle, a fine timber'd Reveller,
Perhaps he knows the manner of her dancing too,
I'll have him do't before me, I have ſworn Gardiner,
Then may I learn the better.
Guard. Thou'lt be an aſs ſtill.
Ward. I, all that Uncle, ſhall not fool me out.
Piſh, I ſtick cloſer to my ſelf then ſo.
Guard. I muſt entreat you Sir, to take your Neece
And dance with her; my Ward's a little wilful,
He would have you ſhew him the way.
Hip. Me Sir?
He ſhall command it at all hours, pray tell him ſo.
Guard. I thank you for him, he has not wit himſelf Sir.
Hip. Come my life's peace, I have a ſtrange office on't here,
'Tis ſome mans luck to keep the joys he likes
Conceal'd for his own boſom; but my fortune
To ſet 'em out now, for anothers liking,
Like the mad miſery of neceſſitous man,
That parts from his good horſe with many praiſes,
And goes on foot himſelf; need muſt be obey'd
In ev'ry action, it mars man and maid. *Muſick.*
Duke. Signior *Fabritio*, y'are a happy Father,
Your cares and pains are fortunate you ſee,
Your coſt bears noble fruits. *Hippolito* thanks.
A dance, making Honors to the D. and curſie to themſelves, both before and after.
Fab. Here's ſome amends for all my charges yet.
She wins both prick and praiſe, where ere ſhe comes.

Duke.

Duke. How lik'ſt *Brancha* ?

Bran. All things well, my Lord :
But this poor Gentlewomans fortune, that's the worſt.

Duke. There is no doubt *Brancha*, ſhe'll finde leiſure
To make that good enough ; he's rich and ſimple.

Bran. She has the better hope o'th' upper hand indeed,
Which women ſtrive for moſt.

Guard. Do't when I bid you Sir.

Ward. I'll venture but a Horn-pipe with her Gardiner,
Or ſome ſuch married mans dance.

Guard. We'll venture ſomething Sir.

Ward. I have rime for what I do.

Guard. But little reaſon, I think.

Ward. Plain men dance the Meaſures, the Sinquapace, the Gay :
Cuckolds dance the Horn-pipe ; and Farmers dance the Hay :
Your Soldiers dance the Round, and Maidens that grow big :
You Drunkards, the Canaries ; you Whore and Baud, the Jigg.
Here's your eight kinde of Dancers, he that findes the nineth, let him
Pay the Minſtrels.

Duke. Oh here he appears once in his own perſon;
I thought he would have married her by Attorney,
And lain with her ſo too.

Bran. Nay, my kinde Lord,
There's very ſeldom any found ſo fooliſh
To give away his part there.

Lean. Bitter ſcoff ;
Yet I muſt do't; with what a cruel pride ! *Muſick.*

The

The glory of her ſin ſtrikes by my afflictions. (*Ward and* Iſabella *dance, he ridiculouſly imitates* Hippolito.)

Duke. This thing will make ſhift (Sirs) to make a husband,

For ought I ſee in him; how thinks't *Brancha?*

Bran. 'Faith an ill-favored ſhift my Lord, methinks;

If he would take ſome voyage when he's married,
Dangerous, or long enough, and ſcarce be ſeen
Once in nine year together, a wife then
Might make indifferent ſhift to be content with him.

Duke. A kiſs; that wit deſerves to be made much on:

Come, our Caroch:

Guard. Stands ready for your Grace.

Duke. My thanks to all your loves: Come fair *Brancha,*

We have took ſpecial care of you, and provided
Your lodging near us now.

Bran. Your love is great, my Lord.

Duke. Once more our thanks to all.

Omnes: All bleſt Honors guard you. (*Exe. all but* Leantio *and* Livia; *Cornets flouriſh.*)

Lean: Oh haſt thou left me then *Brancha*, utterly!

Brancha! now I miſs thee; Oh return!
And ſave the faith of woman; I nev'r felt
The loſs of thee till now; 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight, then youth was made to bear;
As if a puniſhment of after-life
Were faln upon man here; ſo new it is
To fleſh and blood, ſo ſtrange, ſo inſupportable
A torment, ev'n miſtooke, as if a body
Whoſe death were drowning, muſt needs therefore ſuffer it in ſcalding oyl.

Liv. Sweet Sir!

Lean. As long as mine eye ſaw thee,
I half enjoy'd thee.

Liv. Sir?

Lean. Canſt thou forget
The dear pains my love took, how it has watch't
Whole nights together, in all weathers for thee,
Yet ſtood in heart more merry then the tempeſts
That ſung about mine ears, like dangerous flatterers
That can ſet all their miſcheif to ſweet tunes;
And then receiv'd thee from thy fathers window,
Into theſe arms at midnight, when we embrac'd
As if we had been Statues onely made for't,
To ſhew arts life, ſo ſilent were our comforts,
And kiſs'd as if our lips had grown together!

Liv. This makes me madder to enjoy him now.

Lean. Canſt thou forget all this? And better joys
That we met after this, which then new kiſſes
Took pride to praiſe.

Liv. I ſhall grow madder yet, Sir:

Lean. This cannot be but of ſome cloſe Bauds working:
Cry mercy Lady. What would you ſay to me?
My ſorrow makes me ſo unmannerly,
So comfort bleſs me, I had quite forgot you.

Liv. Nothing but ev'n in pitty too, that paſſion
Would give your grief good counſel.

Lean. Marry, and welcome Lady,
It never could come better.

Liv. Then firſt Sir,
To make away all your good thoughts at once of her,
Know moſt aſſuredly, ſhe is a ſtrumpet.

Lean. Ha: Moſt aſſuredly! Speak not a thing
So vilde ſo certainly, leave it more doubtful.

Liv. Then I muſt leave all truth, and ſpare my knowledge,

A ſin which I too lately found and wept for.
Lean. Found you it ?
Liv. I with wet eyes.
Lean. Oh perjurious friendſhip!
Liv. You miſs'd your fortunes when you met with her Sir.
Yong Gentlemen, that onely love for beauty,
They love not wiſely; ſuch a marriage rather
Proves the deſtruction of affection;
It brings on want, and want's the Key of whoredom.
I think y'had ſmall means with her.
Lean. Oh not any Lady.
Liv. Alas poor Gentleman, what meant'ſt thou Sir,
Quite to undo thy ſelf with thine own kinde heart ?
Thou art too good and pitiful to woman:
Marry Sir, thank thy Stars for this bleſt fortune
That rids the Summer of thy youth ſo well
From many Beggers that had lain a ſunning
In thy beams onely elſe, till thou hadſt waſted
The whole days of thy life in heat and labor.
What would you ſay now to a Creature found
As pitiful to you, and as it were
Ev'n ſent on purpoſe from the whole Sex general,
To requite all that kindneſs you have ſhewn to't ?
Lean. What's that Madam ?
Liv. Nay, a Gentlewoman, and one able
To reward good things, I, and bears a conſcience to't;
Couldſt thou love ſuch a one, that (blow all fortunes)
Would never ſee thee want?
Nay more, maintain thee to thine enemies envy,
And ſhalt not ſpend a care for't, ſtir a thought,
Nor break a ſleep, unleſs loves muſick waked thee;
No ſtorm of fortune ſhould look upon me,
And know that woman;

Lean.

Lean. Oh my life's wealth *Brancha!*

Liv. Still with her name? will nothing wear it out?
That deep ſigh went but for a ſtrumpet Sir.

Lean. It can go for no other that loves me.

Liv. He's vext in minde; I came too ſoon to him;
Where's my diſcretion now, my skill, my judgment?
I'm cunning in all arts but my own, love:
'Tis as unſeaſonable to tempt him now
So ſoon, as a widow to be courted
Following her husbands coarſe, or to make bargain
By the grave ſide, and take a yong man there:
Her ſtrange departure ſtands like a herſe yet
Before his eyes; which time will take down ſhortly:
Exit.

Lean. Is ſhe my wife till death? yet no more mine;
That's a hard meaſure; then what's marriage good for?
Me thinks by right, I ſhould not now be living,
And then 'twere all well: What a happineſs
Had I been made of, had I never ſeen her;
For nothing makes mans loſs grievous to him,
But knowledge of the worth of what he loſes;
For what he never had, he never miſſes:
She's gone for ever; utterly there is
As much redemption of a ſoul from Hell,
As a fair womans body from his pallace.
Why ſhould my love laſt longer then her truth?
What is there good in woman to be lov'd,
When onely that which makes her ſo, has left her?
I cannot love her now, but I muſt like
Her ſin, and my own ſhame too, and be guilty
Of Laws breach with her, and mine own abuſing;
All which were monſtrous: Then my ſafeſt courſe
For health of minde and body, is to turn
My heart, and hate her, moſt extreamly hate her;

I have

I have no other way: Thoſe vertuous powers
Which were chaſte witneſſes of both our troths,
Can witneſs ſhe breaks firſt, and I'm rewarded
With Captainſhip o'th' Fort; a place of credit
I muſt confeſs, but poor; my Factorſhip
Shall not exchange means with't: He that di'd laſt in't,
He was no drunkard, yet he di'd a begger
For all his thrift; beſides the place not fits me;
It ſuits my reſolution, not my breeding.

Enter Livia.

Liv. I have tri'd all ways I can, and have not power
To keep from ſight of him: How are you now Sir?
Lean. I feel a better eaſe Madam.
Liv. Thanks to bleſſedneſs.
You will do well I warrant you, fear it not Sir;
Joyn but your own good will to't; he's not wiſe
That loves his pain or ſickneſs, or grows fond
Of a diſeaſe, whoſe property is to vex him,
And ſpightfully drink his blood up. Out upon't Sir,
Youth knows no greater loſs; I pray let's walk Sir.
You never ſaw the beauty of my houſe yet,
Nor how abundantly Fortune has bleſt me
In worldly treaſure; truſt me I have enough Sir
To make my friend a rich man in my life,
A great man at my death; your ſelf will ſay ſo.
If you want any thing, and ſpare to ſpeak,
Troth I'll condemn you for a wilful man Sir.
Lean. Why ſure this can be but the flattery of ſome dream.
Liv. Now by this kiſs, my love, my ſoul and riches,
'Tis all true ſubſtance.

Come

Come you ſhall ſee my wealth, take what you liſt,
The gallanter you go, the more you pleaſe me:
I will allow you too, your Page and Footman,
Your race horſes, or any various pleaſure
Exercis'd youth delights in; but to me
Onely Sir wear your heart of conſtant ſtuff:
Do but you love enough, I'll give enough.

Lean. Troth then, I'll love enough, and take enough.

Liv. Then we are both pleas'd enough. *Exeunt.*

Scæn 3. *Enter* Guardiano *and* Iſabella *at one door, and the Ward and* Sordido *at another.*

Guard. Now Nephew, here's the Gentlewoman again.

Ward. Maſs here ſhe's come again; mark her now *Sordido.*

Guard. This is the Maid, my love and care has choſe
Out for your wife, and ſo I tender her to you;
Your ſelf has been eye witneſs of ſome qualities
That ſpeak a courtly breeding, and are coſtly.
I bring you both to talk together now,
'Tis time you grew familiar in your tongues;
To morrow you joyn hands, and one Ring ties you,
And one Bed holds you (if you like the choice)
Her Father and her friends are i'th' next room,
And ſtay to ſee the contract ere they part;
Therefore diſpatch good Ward, be ſweet and ſhort;
Like her, or like her not, there's but two ways;
And one your body, th'other your purſe pays.

Ward. I warrant you Gardiner, I'll not ſtand all day thruming,
But quickly ſhoot my bolt at your next coming.

Guard. Well ſaid: Good fortune to your birding then.

Ward:

Ward. I never miſs'd mark yet.

Sord. Troth I think Maſter, if the truth were known,
You never ſhot at any but the Kitchin-wench,
And that was a ſhe-woodcock, a meer innocent,
That was oft loſt, and cri'd at eight and twenty.

Ward. No more of that meat *Sordido*, here's Eggs o'th' ſpit now,
We muſt turn gingerly, draw out the Catalogue
Of all the faults of women.

Sord. How, all the faults! have you ſo little reaſon to think ſo much Paper will lie in my breeches? why ten carts will not carry it, if you ſet down but the Bauds; all the faults? pray let's be content with a few of 'em; and if they were leſs, you would finde 'em enough I warrant you: Look you Sir.

Iſab. But that I have th'advantage of the fool,
As much as womans heart can wiſh and joy at,
What an infernal torment 'twere to be
Thus bought and ſold, and turn'd and pri'd into; when alaſs
The worſt bit is too good for him? and the comfort is
H'as but a Caters place on't, and provides
All for anothers table; yet how curious
The Aſs is, like ſome nice profeſſor on't,
That buys up all the daintieſt food i'th' Markets,
And ſeldom licks his lips after a taſte on't!

Sord. Now to her, now y'have ſcand all her parts over.

Ward. But at end ſhall I begin now *Sordido*?

Sord. Oh ever at a womans lip, while you live Sir, do you ask that queſtion?

Ward. Methinks *Sordido*, ſh'as but a crabbed face to begin with.

Sord. A crabbed face? that will ſave money.

Ward. How! ſave money *Sordido*?

Sord. I Sir: For having a crabbed face of her own, she'll eat the leſs Verjuyce with her Mutton; 'twill ſave Verjuyce at years end Sir.

Ward. Nay and your jeſts begin to be ſawcy once, I'll make you eat your meat without Muſtard.

Sord. And that in ſome kinde is a puniſhment.

Ward. Gentlewoman, they ſay 'tis your pleaſure to be my wife, and you ſhall know ſhortly whether it be mine or no, to be your husband; and thereupon thus I firſt enter upon you. Oh moſt delicious ſcent! Methinks it taſted as if a man had ſtept into a Comfit-makers ſhop to let a Cart go by; all the while I kiſs'd her: It is reported Gentlewoman you'll run mad for me, if you have me not.

Iſab. I ſhould be in great danger of my wits Sir,
For being ſo forward, ſhould this Aſs kick backward now.

Ward. Alaſs poor Soul! And is that hair your own?

Iſab. Mine own, yes ſure Sir, I ow nothing for't.

Ward. 'Tis a good hearing, I ſhall have the leſs to pay when I have married you: Look, does her eyes ſtand well.

Sord. They cannot ſtand better
Then in her head, I think, where would you have them?
And for her Noſe, 'tis of a very good laſt.

Ward. I have known as good as that has not laſted a year though.

Sord. That's in the uſing of a thing; will not any ſtrong bridge fall down in time, if we do nothing but beat at the bottom: A Noſe of Buff would not laſt always Sir, eſpecially if it came in to th'Camp once.

Ward. But *Sordido*, how ſhall we do to make her laugh, that I may ſee what Teeth ſhe has; for I'll not

not bate her a tooth, nor take a black one into th' bargain:

Sord. Why do but you fall in talk with her, you cannot chuſe but one time or other, make her laugh Sir.

Ward. It ſhall go hard, but I will: Pray what qualities have you beſide ſinging and dancing, can you play at Shittlecock forſooth?

Iſab. I, and at Stool-ball too Sir; I have great luck at it.

Ward. Why can you catch a Ball well?

Iſab. I have catcht two in my lap at one game.

Ward. What have you woman? I muſt have you learn
To play at trap too, then y'are full and whole.

Iſab. Any thing that you pleaſe to bring me up too,
I ſhall take pains to practiſe.

Ward. 'Twill not do *Sordido*, we ſhall never get her mouth open'd wide enough.

Sord. No Sir; that's ſtrange! then here's a trick for your learning. *He yawns.*
Look now, look now; quick, quick there.

Ward. Pox of that ſcurvy mannerly trick with Handkercheif,
It hindred me a little, but I am ſatisfied.
When a fair woman gapes, and ſtops her mouth ſo,
It ſhows like a Cloth-ſtopple in a Cream-pot,
I have fair hope of her Teeth now *Sordido*.

Sord. Why then y'have all well Sir, for ought I ſee
She's right and ſtraight enough, now as ſhe ſtands;
They'll commonly lie crooked, that's no matter:
Wiſe Gameſters
Never finde fault with that, let 'em lie ſtill ſo.

Ward. I'ld fain mark how ſhe goes, and then I

have all: For of all creatures I cannot abide a ſplay-footed Woman, ſhe's an unlucky thing to meet in a morning; her heels keep together ſo, as if ſhe were beginning an Iriſh dance ſtill; and he wrigling of her Bum, playing the tune to't: But I have bethought a cleanly ſhift to finde it; dab down as you ſee me, and peep of one ſide, when her back's toward you; I'll ſhew you the way.

Sord. And you ſhall finde me apt enough to peeping,
I have been one of them has ſeen mad ſights
Under your Scaffolds.

Ward. Will it pleaſe you walk forſooth,
A turn or two by your ſelf? you are ſo pleaſing to me,
I take delight to view you on both ſides.

Iſab. I ſhall be glad to fetch a walk to your love Sir;
'Twill get Affection, a good ſtomach Sir,
Which I had need have, to fall to ſuch courſe victuals.

Ward. Now go thy ways for a clean treading Wench,
As ever man in modeſty peep't under!

Sord. I ſee the ſweeteſt ſight to pleaſe my Maſter.
Never went Frenchman righter upon ropes
Then ſhe on *Florentine* ruſhes.

Ward. 'Tis enough forſooth.

Iſab. And how do you like me now Sir?

Ward. Faith ſo well, I never mean to part with thee Sweet-heart,
Under ſome ſixteen children, and all Boys.

Iſab. You'll be at ſimple pains, if you prove kinde,
And breed 'em all in your teeth.

Ward. Nay by my Faith, what ſerves your belly for? 'twould make my cheeks look like blown Bagpipes.

Enter

Enter Guardiano.

Guard. How now Ward and Nephew,
Gentlewoman and Neece! ſpeak, is it ſo or not?
Ward. 'Tis ſo, we are both agreed Sir.
Guard. Into your kinred then;
There's friends, and Wine, and Muſick waits to welcome you.
Ward. Then I'll be drunk for joy.
Sord. And I for company,
I cannot break my Noſe in a better action. *Exeunt.*

Act. 4. Scæn. 1.

Enter Brancha *attended by two Ladies.*

Bran. HOw goes your Watches Ladies? what's a clock now?
1 *Lady.* By mine full nine.
2 *Lady.* By mine a quarter paſt:
1 *Lady.* I ſet mine by St. *Marks.*
2 *Lady.* St. *Anthonies* they ſay goes truer.
1 *Lady.* That's but your opinion Madam,
Becauſe you love a Gentleman o'th' name.
2 *Lady.* He's a true Gentleman then.
1 *Lady.* So may he be
That comes to me to night, for ought you know:
Bran. I'll end this ſtrife ſtraight: I ſet mine by the Sun,
I love to ſet by th'beſt, one ſhall not then
Be troubled to ſet often.

2 *Lady* You do wisely in't.

Bran. If I should set my Watch as some Girls do
By ev'ry clock i'th' Town, 'twould nev'r go true;
And too much turning of the Dials point,
Or tampring with the Spring, might in small time
Spoil the whole work too, here it wants of nine now.

1 *Lady.* It does indeed forsooth; mine's nearest truth yet.

2 *Lady.* Yet I have found her lying with an Advocate, which shew'd
Like two false clocks together in one Parish.

Bran. So now I thank you Ladies, I desire
A while to be alone.

1 *Lady.* And I am no body,
Methinks, unless I have one or other with me.
Faith my desire and hers, will nev't be sisters.

Exit Ladies.

Bran. How strangely womans fortune comes about,
This was the fartheſt way to come to me,
All would have judg'd, that knew me born in *Venice*
And there with many jealous eyes brought up,
That never thought they had me sure enough;
But when they were upon me, yet my hap
To meet it here, so far off from my birth-place,
My friends, or kinred, 'tis not good in sadness,
To keep a maid so strict in her yong days,
Restraint breeds wand'ring thoughts, as many fasting days
A great desire to see flesh stirring again:
I'll nev'r use any Girl of mine so strictly,
How ev'r they're kept, their fortunes finde 'em out,
I see't in me, if they be got in Court,
I'll never forbid 'em the Country, nor the Court,

Though

Though they be born i'th' Countrey, they will come to't,
And fetch their falls a thouſand mile about,
Where one would little think on't.

Enter Leantio.

Lean. I long to ſee how my deſpiſer looks,
Now ſhe's come here to Court; theſe are her lodgings,
She's ſimply now advanc'd: I took her out
Of no ſuch window, I remember firſt,
That was a great deal lower, and leſs carv'd.
Bran. How now? What Silk-worm's this, i'th' name of pride,
What, is it he?
Lean. A bowe i'th' ham to your greatneſs;
You muſt have now three legs, I take it, muſt you not?
Bran. Then I muſt take another, I ſhall want elſe
The ſervice I ſhould have; you have but two there.
Lean. Y'are richly plac'd.
Bran. Methinks y'are wond'rous brave Sir.
Lean. A ſumptuous lodging.
Bran. Y'ave an excellent Suit there.
Lean. A Chair of Velvet.
Bran. Is your cloak lin'd through Sir.
Lean. Y'are very ſtately here.
Bran. Faith ſomething proud Sir.
Lean. Stay, ſtay, let's ſee your Cloth of ſilver Slippers?
Bran. Who's your Shoomaker, h'as made you a neat Boot.
Lean. Will you have a pair,
The Duke will lend you Spurs.
Bran. Yes, when I ride.

Lean. 'Tis a brave life you lead.
Bran. I could nev'r see you
In such good clothes in my time.
Lean. In your time?
Bran. Sure I think Sir
We both thrive best asunder.
Lean. Y'are a whore.
Bran. Fear nothing Sir.
Lean. An impudent spightful strumpet.
Bran. Oh Sir, you give me thanks for your Captainship;
I thought you had forgot all your good manners.
Lean. And to spight thee as much, look there, there read,
Vex, gnaw, thou shalt finde there I am not love-starv'd.
The world was never yet so cold, or pitiless,
But there was ever still more charity found out,
Then at one proud fools door; and 'twere hard 'faith,
If I could not pass that: Read to thy shame there;
A cheerful and a beauteous Benefactor too,
As ev'r erected the good works of love.
Bran. Lady *Livia!*
Is't possible? Her worship was my Pandress,
She dote, and send and give, and all to him!
Why here's a Baud plagu'd home; y'are simply happy Sir,
Yet I'll not envy you.
Lean. No Court-Saint, not thou!
You keep some friend of a new fashion;
There's no harm in your Devil, he's a suckling,
But he will breed teeth shortly, will he not?
Bran. Take heed you play not then too long with him.
Lean. Yes, and the great one too: I shall finde time

To play a hot religious bout with ſome of you,
And perhaps drive you and your courſe of ſins
To their eternal Kennels; I ſpeak ſoftly now,
'Tis manners in a noble Womans lodgings,
And I well knew all my degrees of duty.
But come I to your everlaſting parting once,
Thunder ſhall ſeem ſoft muſick to that tempeſt.

Bran 'Twas ſaid laſt week there would be change of weather,
When the Moon hung ſo, and belike you heard it.

Lean. Why here's ſin made, and nev'r a conſcience put to't;
A Monſter with all Forehead, and no Eyes.
Why do I talk to thee of Senſe or Vertue,
That art as dark as death? and as much madneſs
To ſet light before thee, as to lead blinde folks
To ſee the Monuments, which they may ſmell as ſoon
As they behold; Marry oft-times their heads
For want of light, may feel the hardneſs of 'em.
So ſhall thy blinde pride my revenge and anger,
That canſt not ſee it now; and it may fall
At ſuch an hour, when thou leaſt ſeeſt of all;
So to an ignorance darker then thy womb,
I leave thy perjur'd ſoul: A plague will come. *Exit.*

Bran. Get you gone firſt, and then I fear no greater,
Nor thee will I fear long; I'll have this ſaucineſs
Soon baniſh'd from theſe lodgings, and the rooms
Perfum'd well after the corrupt air it leaves:
His breath has made me almoſt ſick in troth,
A poor baſe ſtart up! Life! becauſe has got
Fair clothes by foul means, comes to rail, and ſhew 'em.

Enter

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Who's that?
Bran. Cry you mercy Sir.
Duke. Prethee who's that?
Bran. The former thing my Lord, to whom you gave
The Captainſhip; he eats his meat with grudging ſtill.
Duke. Still!
Bran. He comes vaunting here of his new love,
And the new clothes ſhe gave him; Lady *Livia.*
Who but ſhe now his Miſtreſs?
Duke. Lady *Livia?*
Be ſure of what you ſay.
Bran. He ſhew'd me her name Sir,
In perfum'd Paper, her Vows, her Letter,
With an intent to ſpight me; ſo his heart ſaid,
And his threats made it good; they were as ſpightful
As ever malice utter'd, and as dangerous,
Should his hand follow the copy.
Duke. But that muſt not;
Do not you vex your minde, prethee to Bed, go
All ſhall be well and quiet.
Bran. I love peace Sir. *Exit.*
Duke. And ſo do all that love; take you no care for't,
It ſhall be ſtill provided to your hand: Who's near us there.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſs. My Lord.
Duke. Seek out *Hippolito,*

Brother

Brother to Lady *Livia*, with all ſpeed.

Meſs. He was the laſt man I ſaw, my Lord. *Exit.*

Duke. Make haſte,
He is a blood ſoon ſtir'd, and as he's quick
To apprehend a wrong, he's bold, and ſudden
In bringing forth a ruine: I know likewiſe
The reputation of his Sifters honor:
As dear to him as life-blood to his heart;
Beſide I'll flatter him with a goodneſs to her,
Which I now thought on, but nev'r meant to practiſe.
(Becauſe I know her baſe) and that wind drives him.
The ulcerous reputation feels the poyſe,
If lighteſt wrongs, as ſores are vext with flies:
He comes, *Hippolito* welcome.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. My lov'd Lord.

Duke. How does that luſty Widow, thy kinde Sifter;
Is ſhe not ſped yet of a ſecond husband?
A bed-fellow ſhe has, I ask not that,
I know ſhe's ſped of him.

Hip. Of him my Lord:

Duke. Yes of a bed-fellow; is the news ſo ſtrange to you?

Hip. I hope 'tis ſo to all.

Duke. I wiſh it were Sir;
But 'tis confeſt too faſt, her ignorant pleaſures
Onely by Luſt inſtructed, have receiv'd
Into their ſervices, an impudent Boaſter,
One that does raiſe his glory from her ſhame,
And tells the midday Sun, what's done in darkneſs;
Yet blinded with her appetite, waſtes her wealth,
Buys her diſgraces at a dearer rate,

Then

Then bounteous houſe-keepers purchaſe their honor.
Nothing ſads me ſo much, as that in love
To thee, and to thy blood, I had pickt out
A worthy match for her, the great *Vincentio*,
High in our favor, and in all mens thoughts.
Hip. Oh thou deſtruction of all happy fortunes,
Unſated blood! know you the name my Lord
Of her abuſer?
Duke. One *Leantio*.
Hip. He's a Factor.
Duke. He nev'r made ſo brave a voyage by his own talk.
Hip. The poor old widows ſon;
I humbly take my leave.
Duke. I ſee 'tis done:
Give her good counſel, make her ſee her error,
I know ſhe'll hearken to you.
Hip. Yes my Lord,
I make no doubt, as I ſhall take the courſe,
Which ſhe ſhall never know till it be acted;
And when ſhe wakes to honor, then ſhe'll thank me for't,
I'll imitate the pities of old Surgeons
To this loſt limb, who ere they ſhow their art,
Caſt one aſleep, then cut the diſeas'd part.
So out of love to her I pity moſt,
She ſhall not feel him going till he's loſt,
Then ſhe'll commend the cure. *Exit.*
Duke. The great cure's paſt;
I count this done already; his wrath's ſure,
And ſpeaks an injury deep; farewel *Leantio*.
This place will never hear thee murmur more.
Our noble Brother welcome!

Enter

Enter Lord Cardinal attended.

Card. Set thoſe lights down :
Depart till you be called.
Duke. There's ſerious buſineſs
Fixed in his look, nay, it enclines a little
To the dark colour of a diſcontentment.
Brother, what is't commands your eye ſo powerfully ?
Speak, you ſeem loſt.
Card. The thing I look on ſeems ſo
To my eyes loſt for ever.
Duke. You look on me.
Card. What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling,
To think a man ſhould have a friend ſo goodly,
So wiſe, ſo noble, nay, a Duke, a Brother ,
And all this certainly damn'd !
Duke. How !
Card. 'Tis no wonder,
If your great ſin can do't; dare you look up
For thinking of a veng'ance ? dare you ſleep
For fear of never waking, but to death,
And dedicate unto a ſtrumpets love
The ſtrength of your affections, zeal and health ?
Here you ſtand now ; can you aſſure your pleaſures,
You ſhall once more enjoy her, but once more ?
Alas you cannot ; what a miſery 'tis then
To be more certain of eternal death,
Then of a next embrace ! nay, ſhall I ſhew you
How more unfortunate you ſtand in ſin,
Then the love private man ; all his offences,
Like inclos'd grounds, keep but about himſelf,
And ſeldom ſtretch beyond his own ſouls bounds ;
And when a man grows miſerable, 'tis ſome comfort
When he's no further charg'd, then with himſelf ;

'Tis

'Tis a ſweet eaſe to wretchedneſs: But great man,
Ev'ry ſin thou commit'ſt, ſhews like a flame
Upon a Mountain, 'tis ſeen far about,
And with a big wind made of popular breath,
The ſparkles flie through Cities: Here one takes,
Another catches there and in ſhort time
Waſte all to cinders: But remember ſtill
What burnt the Valleys firſt, came from the Hill;
Ev'ry offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great mans bane.
The ſins of mean men, lie like ſcatter'd parcels
Of an unperfect bill; but when ſuch fall,
Then comes example, and that ſums up all:
And this your reaſon grants, if men of good lives,
Who by their vertuous actions ſtir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As ſin muſt needs confeſs; what may they feel
In height of torments, and in weight of veng'ance,
Not onely they themſelves, not doing well,
But ſets a light up to ſhew men to Hell?

Duke. If you have done, I have, no more ſweet Brother.

Card. I know time ſpent in goodneſs, is too tedious;
This had not been a moments ſpace in Luſt now;
How dare you venture on eternal pain,
That cannot bear a minuts reprehenſion?
Methinks you ſhould endure to hear that talkt of
Which you ſo ſtrive to ſuffer. Oh my Brother!
What were you, if you were taken now,
My heart weeps blood to think on't, 'tis a work
Of infinite mercy, (you can never merit)
That yet you are not death-ſtruck, no not yet:
I dare not ſtay you long, for fear you ſhould not
Have time enough allow'd you to repent in.

There's

There's but this Wall betwixt you and deſtruction,
When y'are at ſtrongeſt, and but poor thin clay.
Think upon't Brother, can you come ſo near it,
For a fair ſtrumpets love, and fall into
A torment that knows neither end nor bottom
For beauty; but the deepneſs of a skin,
And that not of their own neither: Is ſhe a thing
Whom ſickneſs dare not viſit, or age look on,
Or death reſiſt, does the worm ſhun her grave?
If not (as your ſoul knows it) why ſhould Luſt
Bring man to laſting pain, for rotten duſt?

Duke. Brother of ſpotleſs honor, let me weep
The firſt of my repentance in thy boſome,
And ſhew the bleſt fruits of a thankful ſpirit;
And if I ere keep woman more unlawfully,
May I want penitence, at my greateſt need.
And wiſemen know there is no barren place,
Threatens more famine, then a dearth in grace.

Card. Why here's a converſion, is at this time Brother
Sung for a Himn in Heaven; and at this inſtant
The powers of darkneſs groan, makes all Hell ſorry.
Firſt, I praiſe Heaven, then in my work I glory.
Who's there attends without?

Enter Servants.

Serv. My Lord:

Card. Take up thoſe lights; there was a thicker darkneſs,
When they came firſt: The peace of a fair Soul
Keep with my noble Brother. *Exit Cardinal, &c.*

Duke. Joys be with you Sir:
She lies alone to night for't, and muſt ſtill,
Though it be hard to conquer, but I have vow'd
Never to know her as a ſtrumpet more,

And

And I muſt ſave my oath; if Fury fail not,
Her husband dies to night, or at the moſt,
Lives not to ſee the morning ſpent to morrow;
Then will I make her lawfully mine own,
Without this ſin and horror. Now I'm chidden,
For what I ſhall enjoy then unforbidden,
And I'll not freeze in Stoves; 'tis but a while,
Live like a hopeful Bridegroom, chaſte from fleſh;
And pleaſure then will ſeem new, fair and freſh.

Exit.

Scæn 2. *Enter* Hippolito.

Hip: The morning ſo far waſted, yet his baſeneſs
So impudent? See if the very Sun do not bluſh at him!
Dare he do thus much, and know me alive!
Put caſe one muſt be vitious, as I know my ſelf
Monſtrouſly guilty, there's a blinde time made for't;
He might uſe onely that, 'twere conſcionable:
Art, ſilence, cloſeneſs, ſubtlety, and darkneſs,
Are fit for ſuch a buſineſs; but there's no pity
To be beſtow'd on an apparent ſinner,
An impudent day-light Leacher; the great zeal
I bear to her advancement in this match
With Lord *Vincentio*, as the Duke has wrought it,
To the perpetual honor of our houſe,
Puts fire into my blood, to purge the air
Of this corruption, fear it ſpread too far,
And poyſon the whole hopes of this fair fortune.
I love her good ſo dearly, that no Brother
Shall venture farther for a Sifters glory,
Then I for her preferment.

Enter

Enter Leantio, *and a Page.*

Lean. Once again
I'll ſee that gliſtring Whore, ſhines like a Serpent;
Now the Court Sun's upon her: Page!
Page. Anon Sir!
I'll go in ſtate too; ſee the Coach be ready.
Lean. I'll hurry away preſently.
Hip. Yes you ſhall hurry,
And the Devil after you; take that at ſetting forth.
Now, and you'll draw, we are upon equal terms Sir.
Thou took'ſt advantage of my name in honor,
Upon my Siſter; I nev'r ſaw the ſtroke
Come, till I found my reputation bleeding;
And therefore count it I no ſin to valor
To ſerve thy luſt ſo: Now we are of even hand,
Take your beſt courſe againſt me. You muſt die.
Lean. How cloſe ſticks Envy to mans happineſs?
When I was poor, and little car'd for life,
I had no ſuch means offer'd me to die,
No mans wrath minded me: Slave, I turn this to thee,
To call thee to account, for a wound lately
Of a baſe ſtamp upon me.
Hip. 'Twas moſt fit
For a baſe mettle. Come and fetch one now
More noble then, for I will uſe thee fairer
Then thou haſt done thine ſoul, or our honor;
And there I think 'tis for thee.
Within. Help, help, Oh part 'em.
Lean. Falſe wife! I feel now th'haſt paid heartily for me;
Riſe Strumpet by my fall, thy Luſt may raign now;
My heart-ſtring, and the marriage knot that ty'd thee,
Breaks both together.

Hip. There I heard the ſound on't,
And never like'd ſtring better.

Enter Guardiano, Livia, Iſabella, *Ward*, *and* Sordido.

Liv. 'Tis my Brother,
Are you hurt Sir?
Hip. Not any thing.
Liv. Bleſſed fortune,
Shift for thy ſelf; what is he thou haſt kill'd?
Hip. Our honors enemy.
Guard. Know you this man Lady?
Liv. Leantio? My loves joy? wounds ſtick upon thee
As deadly as thy ſins; art thou not hurt?
The Devil take that fortune, and he dead,
Drop plagues into thy bowels without voice,
Secret, and fearful: Run for Officers,
Let him be apprehended with all ſpeed,
For fear he ſcape away; lay hands on him.
We cannot be too ſure, 'tis wilful murder;
You do Heavens veng'ance, and the Law juſt ſervice.
You know him not as I do, he's a villain,
As monſtrous as a prodigy, and as dreadful:
Hip. Will you but entertain a noble patience,
Till you but hear the reaſon worthy Siſter!
Liv. The reaſon! that's a jeſt Hell falls a laughing at:
Is there a reaſon found for the deſtruction
Of our more lawful loves? and was there none
To kill the black Luſt twixt thy Neece and thee,
That has kept cloſe ſo long?
Guard. How's that good Madam?
Liv. Too true Sir, there ſhe ſtands, let her deny't;
The deed cries ſhortly in the Midwifes arms,

Unleſs

Unleſs the parents ſins ſtrike it ſtill-born;
And if you be not deaf, and ignorant,
You'll hear ſtrange notes ere long: Look upon me Wench!
'Twas I betray'd thy honor ſubtilly to him
Under a falſe tale; it lights upon me now;
His arm has paid me home upon thy breaſt,
My ſweet belov'd *Leantio!*

Guard. Was my judgment
And care in choice, ſo dev'liſhly abus'd,
So beyond ſhamefully —— All the world will grin at me:

Ward. Oh *Sordido, Sordido*, I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd!

Sord. Dam'd, why Sir!

Ward. One of the wicked; do'ſt not ſee't, a Cuckold, a plain rebrobate Cuckold.

Sord. Nay; and you be damn'd for that! be of good chear Sir,
Y'have gallant company of all profeſſions; I'll have a wife
Next Sunday too, becauſe I'll along with you my ſelf.

Ward. That will be ſome comfort yet.

Liv. You Sir, that bear your load of injuries,
As I of ſorrows, lend me your griev'd ſtrength
To this ſad burthen; who in life wore actions,
Flames were not nimbler: We will talk of things
May have the luck to break our hearts together.

Guard. I'll liſt to nothing, but revenge and anger;
Whoſe counſels I will follow.

Exeunt Livia *and* Guardiano.

Sord. A wife quoth'a!
Here's a ſweet Plumb-tree of your Gardiner's graffing!

Ward. Nay there's a worſe name belongs to this

fruit yet, and you could hit on't, a more open one: For he that marries a whore, looks like a fellow bound all his life time to a Medler-tree, and that's good ſtuff; 'tis no ſooner ripe, but it looks rotten; and ſo do ſome Queans at nineteen. A pox on't, I thought there was ſome knavery a broach, for ſomething ſtir'd in her belly, the firſt night I lay with her.

Sord. What, what Sir!

Ward. This is ſhe brought up ſo courtly, can ſing, and dance, and tumble too, methinks, I'll never marry wife again, that has ſo many qualities.

Sord. Indeed they are ſeldom good Maſter; for likely when they are taught ſo many, they will have one trick more of their own finding out. Well, give me a wench but with one good quality, to lye with none but her husband, and that's bringing up enough for any woman breathing.

Ward. This was the fault, when ſhe was tend'red to me; you never look'd to this.

Sord. Alas, how would you have me ſee through a great Farthingal Sir! I cannot peep through a Milſtone, or in the going, to ſee what's done i'th' bottom.

Ward. Her father prais'd her Breſt, ſh'ad the voice forſooth;
I marvell'd ſhe ſung ſo ſmall indeed, being no Maid.
Now I perceive there's a yong Queriſter in her Belly:
This breeds a ſinging in my head I'm ſure.

Sord. 'Tis but the tune of your wives Sinquapace, Danc'd in a Fetherbed; Faith, go lye down Maſter —but take heed your Horns do not make holes in the Pillowbers. —I would not batter brows with him for a Hogſhead of Angels, he would prick my ſkull as full of holes as a Scriveners Sand-Box.

Exeunt Ward and Sordido.

Iſab.

Iſab. Was ever Maid ſo cruelly beguil'd
To the confuſion of life, ſoul, and honor,
All of one womans murd'ring! I'ld fain bring
Her name no nearer to my blood, then woman,
And 'tis too much of that; Oh ſhame and horror!
In that ſmall diſtance from yon man to me,
Lies ſin enough to make a whole world periſh.
'Tis time we parted Sir, and left the ſight
Of one another, nothing can be worſe
To hurt repentance; for our very eyes
Are far more poyſonous to Religion,
Then Baſilisks to them; if any goodneſs
Reſt in you, hope of comforts, fear of judgments,
My requeſt is, I nev'r may ſee you more;
And ſo I turn me from you everlaſtingly,
So is my hope to miſs you; but for her,
That durſt ſo dally with a ſin ſo dangerous,
And lay a ſnare ſo ſpightfully for my youth,
If the leaſt means but favor my revenge,
That I may practiſe the like cruel cunning
Upon her life, as ſhe has on mine honor,
I'll act it without pitty.

Hip. Here's a care
Of reputation, and a Siſters fortune
Sweetly rewarded by her: Would a ſilence,
As great as that which keeps among the graves,
Had everlaſtingly chain'd up her tongue;
My love to her has made mine miſerable.

Enter Guardiano *and* Livia.

Guard. If you can but diſſemble your hearts griefs now,
Be but a woman ſo far.

Liv. Peace! I'll ſtrive Sir:

Guard. As I can wear my injuries in a ſmile;
Here's an occaſion offer'd, that gives anger

Both liberty and ſafety to perform
Things worth the fire it holds, without the fear
Of danger, or of Law; for miſcheif's acted
Under the priviledge of a marriage-triumph
At the Dukes haſty Nuptial's, will be thought
Things meerly accidental; all's by chance,
Not got of their own natures.

Liv. I conceive you Sir,
Even to a longing for performance on't;
And here behold ſome fruits: Forgive me both,
What I am now return'd to Sence and Judgment.
Is not the ſame Rage and diſtraction
Preſented lately to you? that rude form
Is gone for ever. I am now my ſelf,
That ſpeaks all peace, and friendſhip; and theſe tears
Are the true ſprings of hearty penitent ſorrow
For thoſe foul wrongs, which my forgetful fury
Sland'red your vertues with: This Gentleman
Is well reſolv'd now.

Guard. I was never otherways,
I knew (alas) 'twas but your anger ſpake it,
And I nev'r thought on't more.

Hip. Pray riſe good Siſter.

Iſab. Here's ev'n as ſweet amends made for a wrong now,
As one that gives a wound, and pays the Surgeon;
All the ſmart's nothing, the great loſs of blood,
Or time of hind'rance: Well, I had a Mother,
I can diſſemble too: What wrongs have ſlipt
Through angers ignorance (Aunt) my heart forgives.

Guard. Why thus tuneful now!

Hip. And what I did Siſter,
Was all for honors cauſe, which time to come
Will approve to you.

Liv. Being awak'd to goodneſs,

I un-

I underſtand ſo much Sir, and praiſe now
The fortune of your arm, and of your ſafety;
For by his death y'have rid me of a ſin
As coſtly as ev'r woman doted on:
T'has pleas'd the Duke ſo well too, that (behold Sir)
Has ſent you here your pardon, which I kiſt
With moſt affectionate comfort; when 'twas brought,
Then was my fit juſt paſt, it came ſo well me thought
To glad my heart.
Hip. I ſee his Grace thinks on me.
Liv. There's no talk now but of the preparation
For the great marriage.
Hip. Does he marry her then?
Liv. With all ſpeed, ſuddenly, as faſt as coſt
Can be laid on with many thouſand hands.
This Gentleman and I, had once a purpoſe
To have honored the firſt marriage of the Duke
With an invention of his own; 'twas ready
The pains well paſt, moſt of the charge beſtow'd on't;
Then came the death of your good Mother (Neece)
And turn'd the glory of it all to black:
'Tis a device would fit theſe times ſo well too,
Art's treaſury not better; if you'll joyn
It ſhall be done, the coſt ſhall all be mine:
Hip. Y'have my voice firſt, 'twill well approve my thankfulneſs
For the Dukes love and favor.
Liv. What ſay you Neece?
Iſab. I am content to make one.
Guard. The plot's full then;
Your pages Madam, will make ſhift for Cupids.
Liv. That will they Sir.
Guard. You'll play your old part ſtill.
Liv. What, is't good? troth I have ev'n forgot it.

Guard. Why *Juno Pronuba*, the Marriage-Goddeſs.

Liv. 'Tis right indeed.

Guard. And you ſhall play the Nymph,
That offers ſacrifice to appeaſe her wrath.

Iſab. Sacrifice good Sir?

Liv. Muſt I be appeaſed then?

Guard. That's as you liſt your ſelf, as you ſee cauſe.

Liv. Methinks 'twould ſhew the more ſtate in her diety,
To be Incenſt.

Iſab. 'Twould, but my Sacrifice
Shall take a courſe to appeaſe you, or I'll fail in't,
And teach a ſinful Baud to play a Goddeſs.

Guard. For our parts, we'll not be ambitious Sir;
Pleaſe you walk in, and ſee the project drawn,
Then take your choice.

Hip. I weigh not, ſo I have one. *Exit.*

Liv. How much ado have I to reſtrain fury
From breaking into curſes! Oh how painful 'tis
To keep great ſorrow ſmother'd! ſure I think
'Tis harder to diſſemble Grief, then Love;
Leantio, here the weight of thy loſs lies,
Which nothing but deſtruction can ſuffice. *Exeunt.*

Hoboys.

Scæn 3. *Enter in great ſtate the Duke and* Brancha, *richly attir'd, with Lords, Cardinals, Ladies, and other Attendants, they paſs ſolemnly over: Enter L Cardinal in a rage, ſeeming to break off the Ceremony.*

L. Card. Ceaſe, ceaſe; Religious Honors done to ſin,
Diſparage Vertues reverence, and will pull

Heavens

Heavens thunder upon *Florence*; holy Ceremonies
Were made for ſacred uſes, not for ſinful.
Are theſe the fruits of your Repentance Brother?
Better it had been you had never ſorrow'd,
Then to abuſe the benefit, and return
To worſe then where ſin left you.
Vow'd you then never to keep Strumpet more,
And are you now ſo ſwift in your deſires,
To knit your honors, and your life faſt to her!
Is not ſin ſure enough to wretched man,
But he muſt bind himſelf in chains to't? Worſe!
Muſt marriage, that immaculate robe of honor,
That renders Vertue glorious, fair, and fruitful
To her great Maſter, be now made the Garment
Of Leprouſie and Foulneſs? is this Penitence
To ſanctifie hot Luſt? what is it otherways
Then worſhip done to Devils? is this the beſt
Amends that ſin can make after her riots?
As if a Drunkard, to appeaſe Heavens wrath,
Should offer up his ſurfeit for a Sacrifice:
If that be comly, then Luſt's offerings are
On Wedlocks ſacred Altar.

Duke. Here y'are bitter
Without cauſe Brother: what I vow'd I keep,
As ſafe as you your Conſcience, and this needs not;
I taſte more wrath in't, then I do Religion;
And envy more then goodneſs; the path now
I tread, is honeſt, leads to lawful love,
Which vertue in her ſtrictneſs would not check;
I vow'd no more to keep a ſenſual woman:
'Tis done, I mean to make a lawful wife of her.

L. Card. He that taught you that craft,
Call him not Maſter long, he will undo you:
Grow not too cunning for your ſoul good Brother,
Is it enough to uſe adulterous theſts,

And then take ſanctuary in marriage?
I grant, ſo long as an offender keeps
Cloſe in a priviledged Temple, his life's ſafe;
But if he ever venture to come out,
And ſo be taken, then he ſurely dies for't:
So now y'are ſafe; but when you leave this body,
Mans onely priviledg'd Temple upon Earth,
In which the guilty ſoul takes ſanctuary,
Then you'll perceive what wrongs chaſte vows endure,
When Luſt uſurps the Bed that ſhould be pure.

Bran. Sir, I have read you over all this while
In ſilence, and I finde great knowledge in you,
And ſevere learning, yet 'mongſt all your vertues
I ſee not charity written, which ſome call
The firſt-born of Religion, and I wonder
I cannot ſee't in yours. Believe it Sir,
There is no vertue can be ſooner miſs'd,
Or later welcom'd; it begins the reſt,
And ſets 'em all in order; Heaven and Angels
Take great delight in a converted ſinner.
Why ſhould you then a Servant and Profeſſor,
Differ ſo much from them? If ev'ry woman
That commits evil, ſhould be therefore kept
Back in deſires of goodneſs, how ſhould vertue
Be known and honor'd? From a man that's blinde,
To take a burning Taper, 'tis no wrong,
He never miſſes it: But to take light
From one that ſee's, that's injury and ſpight.
Pray whether is Religion better ſerv'd,
When lives that are licentious are made honeſt,
Then when they ſtill run through a ſinful blood.
'Tis nothing Vertues Temples to deface;
But build the ruines, there's a work of Grace.

Duke. I kiſs thee for that ſpirit; thou haſt prais'd thy wit

A modeſt way: On, on there. *Hoboys.*

L. Card. Luſt is bold,
And will have veng'ance ſpeak, er't be controld.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter Guardiano *and Ward.*

Guard. SPeak, haſt thou any ſence of thy abuſe?
Do'ſt thou know what wrong's done thee?

Ward. I wear an Aſs elſe.
I cannot waſh my face, but I am feeling on't.

Guard. Here take this Galtrop, then convey it ſecretly
Into the place I ſhew'd you; look you Sir,
This is the trap-door to't.

Ward. I know't of old Uncle, ſince the laſt triumph; here roſe up a Devil with one eye I remember, with a company of fire-works at's tail.

Guard. Prethee leave ſquibbing now, mark me, and fail not; but when thou hear'ſt me give a ſtamp, down with't: The villain's caught then.

Ward. If I miſs you, hang me; I love to catch a villain, and your ſtamp ſhall go currant I warrant you: But how ſhall I riſe up, and let him down too? All at one hole! that will be a horrible puzzle. You know I have a part in't, I play Slander.

Guard. True, but never make you ready for't.

Ward. No, my clothes are bought and all, and a foul Fiends head with a long contumelious tongue

i'th'

i'th' chaps on't, a very fit ſhape for ſlander i'th' out-pariſhes.

Guard. It ſhall not come ſo far, thou underſtandſt it not.

Ward Oh, oh!

Guard. He ſhall lie deep enough ere that time,
And ſtick firſt upon thoſe.

Ward. Now I conceive you Gardiner.

Guard. Away, liſt to the privy ſtamp, that's all thy part:

Ward. Stamp my Horns in a Morter if I miſs you, and give the powder in White-wine to ſick Cuckolds, a very preſent remedy for the head-ach.

Exit Ward.

Guard. If this ſhould any way miſcarry now,
As if the fool be nimble enough, 'tis certain,
The Pages that preſent the ſwift wing'd *Cupids*,
Are taught to hit him with their ſhafts of love,
Fitting his part, which I have cunningly poyſon'd;
He cannot 'ſcape my fury; and thoſe ills
Will be laid all on Fortune, not our Wills,
That's all the ſport on't; for who will imagine,
That at the celebration of this night
Any miſchance that hap's, can flow from ſpight?

Exit.

Floriſh.

Scæn 2. *Enter above, Duke*, Brancha, *L. Cardinal*, Fabritio, *and other Cardinals, Lords and Ladies in State.*

Duke. Now our fair Dutcheſs, your delight ſhall witneſs,
How y'are belov'd and honor'd; all the glories
Beſtow'd upon the gladneſs of this night,
Are done for your bright ſake.

Bran.

Bran. I am the more
In debt my Lord, to loves and curteſies,
That offer up themſelves ſo bounteouſly
To do me honor'd Grace, without my merit.
Duke. A goodneſs ſet in greatneſs ; how it ſparkles
Afar off like pure Diamonds ſet in Gold !
How perfect my deſires were, might I witneſs
But a fair noble peace, 'twixt your two ſpirits !
The reconcilement would be more ſweet to me,
Then longer life to him that fears to die.
Good Sir !
L. Card. I profeſs Peace, and am content:
Duke. I'll ſee the Seal upon't, and then 'tis firm.
L. Card. You ſhall have all you wiſh.
Duke I have all indeed now.
Bran. But I have made ſurer work ; this ſhall not blinde me ;
He that begins ſo early to reprove,
Quickly rid him, or look for little love ;
Beware a Brothers envy, he's next heir too.
Cardinal you die this night, the plot's laid ſurely :
In time of ſports Death may ſteal in ſecurely ; then 'tis leaſt thought on :
For he that's moſt religious, holy Friend,
Does not at all hours think upon his end ;
He has his times of frailty, and his thoughts
Their tranſportations too, through fleſh and blood,
For all his zeal, his learning, and his light,
As well as we, poor ſoul, that ſin by night.
Duke. What's this *Fabritio ?*
Fab. Marry, my Lord, the model
Of what's preſented.
Duke. Oh we thank their loves ;
Sweet Dutcheſs take your ſeat, liſt to the Argument.

Reads.

Reads.

THere is a Nymph that haunts the Woods and Springs,
In love with two at once, and they with her;
Equal it runs; but to decide these things,
The cause to mighty Juno *they refer,*
She being the Marriage-Goddess; the two Lovers
They offer sighs, the Nymph a Sacrifice,
All to please Juno, *who by signs discovers,*
How the event shall be, so that strife dies:
Then springs a second; for the man refus'd
Grows discontent, and out of love abus'd,
He raises Slander *up, like a black Fiend,*
To disgrace th'other, which pays him i'th' end.

Bran. In troth, my Lord, a pretty pleasing Argument,
And fits th'occasion well; *Envy* and *Slander*
Are things soon rais'd against two faithful Lovers;
But comfort is, they are not long unrewarded.

Musick.

Duke. This musick shews they're upon entrance now.

Bran. Then enter all my wishes:

Enter Hymen *in Yellow,* Ganymed *in a Blue robe powdered with Stars, and* Hebe *in a White robe with golden Stars, with covered Cups in their hands: They dance a short dance, then bowing to the Duke, &c.* Hymen *speaks.*

Hym. To thee fair Bride *Hymen* offers up
Of nuptial joys this the Celestial Cup.
Taste it, and thou shalt ever finde
Love in thy Bed, peace in thy minde.

Bran. We'll taste you sure, 'twere pitty to disgrace

So

So pretty a beginning.

Duke. 'Twas ſpoke nobly.

Gan. Two Cups of *Nectar* have we begg'd from *Jove*;
Hebe give that to Innocence, I this to love.
Take heed of ſtumbling more, look to your way;
Remember ſtill the *Via Lactea.*

Hebe. Well *Ganymed*, you have more faults, though not ſo known;
I ſpil'd one Cup, but you have filtch'd many a one.

Hym. No more, forbear for *Hymens* ſake;
In love we met, and ſo let's part: *Exeunt.*

Duke. But ſoft! here's no ſuch perſons in the Argument,
As theſe three, *Hymen, Hebe, Ganymed.*
The Actors that this model here diſcovers,
Are onely four, *Juno*, a Nymph, two Lovers.

Bran. This is ſome Antemask belike, my Lord,
To entertain time; now my peace is perfect.
Let ſports come on a pace, now is their time, my Lord. *Muſick.*
Hark you, you hear from 'em!

Duke. The Nymph indeed.

Enter two dreſt like Nymphs, bearing two Tapers lighted; then Iſabella *dreſt with flowers and Garlands, bearing a Cenſor with fire in it; they ſet the Cenſor and Tapers on* Juno's *Altar with much reverence; this Ditty being ſung in parts.*

Ditty.

IUno *Nuptial-Goddeſs, thou that rul'ſt o'r coupled bodies,*
Ty'ſt man to woman, never to forſake her, thou onely powerful marriage-maker,
Pitty this amaz'd affection; I love both, and both love me,

Nor

Nor know I where to give rejection, my heart likes ſo equally,
Till thou ſet'ſt right my Peace of life,
And with thy power conclude this ſtrife.

Iſab. Now with my thanks depart you to the Springs;
I to theſe Wells of Love: Thou ſacred Goddeſs,
And Queen of Nuptials, Daughter to great *Saturn*,
Siſter and Wife to *Jove*, Imperial *Juno*,
Pitty this paſſionate conflict in my Breſt,
This tedious War, 'twixt two Affections;
Crown me with victory, and my heart's at peace.

Enter Hippolito *and* Guardiano, *like Shepherds.*

Hip. Make me that happy man, thou mighty Goddeſs.
Guard. But I live moſt in hope, if trueſt love
Merit the greateſt comfort.
Iſab. I love both
With ſuch an even and fair affection,
I know not which to ſpeak for, which to wiſh for,
Till thou great Arbitreſs, 'twixt lovers hearts,
By thy auſpicious Grace, deſign the man;
Which pitty I implore.
Both. We all implore it.
Iſab. And after ſighs, contritions, trueſt odors, { Livia *deſcends like* Juno.
I offer to thy powerful Deity,
This precious Incenſe, may it aſcend peacefully;
And if it keep true touch, my good Aunt *Juno*,
'Twill try your immortality er't belong:
I fear you'll never get ſo nigh Heaven again,
When you're once down.

Livi,

Liv. Though you and your affections
Seem all as dark to our illuſtrious brightneſs
As nights inheritance Hell, we pitty you,
And your requeſts are granted: You ask ſigns;
They ſhall be given you, we'll be gracious to you.
He of thoſe twain which we determine for you,
Loves Arrows ſhall wound twice, the later wound
Betokens love in age; for ſo are all
Whoſe love continues firmly all their life time,
Twice wounded at their marriage; elſe affection
Dies when youth ends: This favor overcomes me.
Now for a ſign of wealth and golden days,
Bright-ey'd Proſperity, which all couples love,
I, and makes love take that: Our Brother *Jove*
Never denies us of his burning treaſure,
T'expreſs bounty.

Duke. She falls down upon't,
Whas's the conceit of that?

Fab. As over-joy'd belike:—
Too much proſperity overjoyes us all,
And ſhe has her lapful, it ſeems my Lord.

Duke. This ſwerves a little from the Argument though: Look you my Lords.

Guard. All's faſt; now comes my part to toll him hither;
Then with a ſtamp given, he's diſpatch'd as cunningly.

Hip. Stark dead: Oh treachery! cruelly made away! how's that?

Fab. Look, there's one of the Lovers dropt away too.

Duke. Why ſure this plot's drawn falſe, here's no ſuch thing.

Liv. Oh I am ſick to th' death, let me down quickly;
This fume is deadly: Oh 't'has poyſon'd me!

My ſubtilty is ſped, her art h'as quitted me;
My own ambition pulls me down to ruine.
Hip. Nay, then I kiſs thy cold lips, and applaud
This thy revenge in death.
Fab. Look, *Juno*'s down too: {*Cupids* ſhoot:
What makes ſhe there? her pride ſhould keep aloft.
She was wont to ſcorn the Earth in other ſhows:
Methinks her Peacocks Feathers are much pull'd.
Hip. Oh death runs through my blood; in a wilde flame too:
Plague of thoſe *Cupids*; ſome lay hold on 'em.
Let 'em not 'ſcape, they have ſpoil'd me; the ſhaft's deadly.
Duke. I have loſt my ſelf in this quite.
Hip. My great Lords, we are all confounded.
Duke. How?
Hip. Dead; and I worſe.
Fab. Dead? my Girl dead? I hope
My Siſter *Juno* has not ſerv'd me ſo.
Hip. Luſt, and forgetfulneſs has been amongſt us,
And we are brought to nothing: Some bleſt Charity
Lend me the ſpeeding Pitty of his Sword
To quench this fire in blood. *Leantio*'s death
Has brought all this upon us; now I taſte it,
And made us lay plots to confound each other;
The event ſo proves it, and mans underſtanding
Is riper at his fall, then all his life time.
She in a madneſs for her lovers death,
Reveal'd a fearful Luſt in our near bloods,
For which I am puniſh'd dreadfully and unlook'd for;
Prov'd her own ruine too, Veng'ance met Vengeance,
Like a ſet match; as if the plague of ſin

Had

Had been agreed to meet here altogether.
But how her fawning partner fell, I reach not,
Unleſs caught by ſome ſpring of his own ſetting:
(For on my pain, he never dream'd of dying)
The plot was all his own, and he had cunning
Enough to ſave himſelf; but 'tis the property
Of guilty deeds to draw your wiſemen downward.
Therefore the wonder ceaſes. —— Oh this torment!

Duke. Our Guard below there!

Enter a Lord with a Guard.

Lord. My Lord:

Hip. Run and meet death then,
And cut off time and pain.

Lord. Behold my Lord, h'as run his Breſt upon a weapons point.

Duke. Upon the firſt night of our nuptial honors,
Deſtruction play her triumph, and great miſchiefs
Maſk in expected pleaſures, 'tis prodigious!
They're things moſt fearfully ominous: I like 'em not.
Remove theſe ruin'd bodies from our eyes.

Bran. Not yet, no change? when falls he to the Earth?

Lord. Pleaſe but your Excellence to peruſe that Paper,
Which is a brief confeſſion from the heart
Of him that fell firſt, ere his ſoul departed;
And there the darkneſs of theſe deeds ſpeaks plainly.
'Tis the full ſcope, the manner, and intent;
His Ward, that ignorantly let him down,
Fear put to preſent flight at the voice of him.

Bran. Nor yet?

Duke. Read, read; for I am loſt in ſight and ſtrength.

L. Card. My noble Brother!
Bran. Oh the curſe of wretchedneſs!
My deadly hand is ſain upon my Lord:
Deſtruction take me to thee, give me way;
The pains and plagues of a loſt ſoul upon him,
That hinders me a moment.
Duke. My heart ſwells bigger yet; help here, break't ope,
My breſt flies open next.
Bran. Oh with the poyſon,
That was prepar'd for thee, thee, Cardinal!
'Twas meant for thee.
L. Card. Poor Prince!
Bran. Accurſed Error!
Give me thy laſt breath, thou infected boſome,
And wrap two ſpirits, in one poyſon'd vapor.
Thus, thus, reward thy murderer, and turn death
Into a parting kiſs: My ſoul ſtands ready at my lips,
Ev'n vext to ſtay one minute after thee.
L. Card. The greateſt ſorrow and aſtoniſhment
That ever ſtruck the general peace of *Florence*,
Dwells in this hour.
Bran. So my deſires are ſatisfied,
I feel deaths power within me.
Thou haſt prevail'd in ſomething (curſed poyſon)
Though thy cheif force was ſpent in my Lords boſom;
But my deformity in ſpirit's more foul;
A blemiſh'd face beſt fits a leprous ſoul.
What make I here? theſe are all ſtrangers to me,
Not known but by their malice; now th'art gone;
Nor do I ſeek their pities.
Card. O reſtrain
Her ignorant wilful hand!
Bran. Now do; 'tis done.
Leantio. Now I feel the breach of marriage

At my heart-breaking: Oh the deadly ſnares
That Women ſet for Women, without pity
Either to ſoul or honor! Learn by me
To know your foes: In this belief I die;
Like our own Sex, we have no Enemy, no Enemy!
Lord. See my Lord
What ſhift ſh'as made to be her own deſtruction.
Bran. Pride, Greatneſs, Honors, Beauty, Youth, Ambition,
You muſt all down together, there's no help for't:
Yet this my gladneſs is, that I remove,
Taſting the ſame death in a cup of love.
L. Card. Sin, what thou art, theſe ruines ſhow too piteouſly.
Two Kings on one Throne cannot ſit together,
But one muſt needs down, for his Titles wrong;
So where luſt raigns, that Prince cannot raign long.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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